

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SEPTEMBER 17, 1956

a Time Inc. weekly publication

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

**WILLIE
HARTACK**

**THE ARTIST WHO
RIDES MOST WINNERS**





Born 1820 ... still going strong



MEET A GREAT SCOT! Johnnie Walker stands for matchless Scotch Whisky—flavourful, versatile. You'll enjoy its natural lightness in a highball. You'll appreciate its mellowness in a Scotch Mist or "on-the-rocks." Meet Johnnie Walker. Let your own good taste bring you into fellowship with Scotland's favourite son! *Red Label* — *Black Label* — Both 86.8 Proof. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer.

JOHNNIE WALKER *Blended Scotch Whisky*

Memo to Advertisers

Last month, as a part of our second anniversary, we put together a slide presentation which has since been seen by several thousand people in the advertising business. In it we've combined a progress report with a restatement of the socio-economic changes in the American market which called for a magazine like SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Our audiences seem to have enjoyed the show, and I hope many of you will have a chance to see it in the next few weeks.

However, like all general presentations, it can't possibly cover all the details of our story. Our show speaks of the importance of the "bellwethers"---the consumers who set America's buying habits and convert luxuries into necessities, but it does not report the many examples of SI's influence on such families.

For example: last Spring, Halle Bros. Department Store in Cleveland checked our subscriber lists in that city against their own charge accounts, and found that a high percentage of SI subscribers were also their charge account customers.

But even more impressive was the fact that the SI subscribers on the list spent twice as much money at Halle's last year as did the average charge account customer --- and Halle's is famous for having one of the highest quality charge account lists in the country.

It certainly looks as if SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscribers are the "bellwethers" of the Cleveland market.

Furthermore, they themselves represent a goodly share of that market. Last year they spent over \$1,000,000 at Halle's alone.

Multiplying that figure by hundreds of stores in hundreds of cities across the country, we begin to get a picture of the purchasing power of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED families and their influence on the total American market.

Of course they are important for their own spending power, but perhaps even more significant is the fact that in today's American prosperity, the styles and purchases of the "Bellwethers" can be emulated by so many others.



William W. Holman
Advertising Director

THE BELLWETHERS

"The rise in the nation's living standard is paced by consumption 'bellwethers' who are sold on a new product, and emulated by others whose acceptance gives it the mass support that converts it from a luxury into a necessity.

The masses have been well served, economically speaking, by the well-to-do, who act as economic guinea pigs."

FORTUNE

BROWNING Automatic-5



The Aristocrat of Automatic Shotguns

Automatic-5
from \$12150

The *av* gun held in highest esteem by shooters in all walks of life... a reputation earned through unflinching service for generations.

Today's models, in both 12 and 16 gauge, Standard or Lightweight, possess these Browning features:

Exclusive speed loading—5 shells in 6 seconds—right or left hand, even with gloves. No button to manipulate. Unnecessary to put the last shell into the ejection port.

5 shots as fast as you can pull the trigger. Easily adapted to 3 shots whenever required.

Extra safety of a magazine cutoff. You can remove, at any time, the shell from the chamber and *lock* the remaining cartridges in the magazine.

Made to endure! Precision machined parts... personalized hand-fitting, hand-finishing, hand-engraving.

See the Aristocrat of Automatic Shotguns... be your own judge.

Your BROWNING Dealer



For the names of Browning Dealers nearest you, please Western Union and ask for Operator 25.



For descriptive literature, write Browning Arms Co., Dept. 96, St. Louis 3, Mo.
Please specify literature desired: Automatic-5 Shotgun, Double Automatic Shotgun, Superposed Shotgun, Shotgun-Luggage Case, 12 Automatic Rifle, Automatic Pistol.



It's that
amazing purple motor oil

AMERICA'S FINEST MOTOR OIL, here poured into clear crystal to show you its unique color, prolongs your engine's trouble-free performance for thousands of miles. Purple Royal Triton—now in new all-weather 5-20 and 10-30 grades at new car dealers and service stations in most areas of the U.S. and Canada and Union 76 Stations in the West.

PURPLE ROYAL TRITON

UNION OIL COMPANY of CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles, Union Oil Bldg. • New York, 41 Rockefeller Plaza • Chicago, 4422 Randers Bldg. • New Orleans, 604 National Bank Bldg.
Cincinnati Bldg. • Dallas, 212 Fidelity Union Life Bldg. • Philadelphia, Broadview Ave. & Ridgeway St. • Kansas City, Mo., 415 W. 47th St.



COVER: WILLIE HARTACK
Photograph by Richard Meib

Advertisements on page 54

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Just as surely as aggressiveness and determination are the keys to success for any athlete, so are they the unmistakable trademark of a grim-faced 25-year-old jockey named William Hartack, who, in less than five years of riding, has been tagged the Eddie Arcaro of tomorrow. A bitter lover but gracious winner, Willie isn't happy if he isn't best (see page 25).

AN SI SPECIAL: BASEBALL'S BLACKEST SECRET

61

The ringleader in the infamous Black Sox plot breaks his silence to tell his part in the conspiracy and in a corollary article JAMES CRUICKSHANK reveals how he broke his biggest and saddest story

THREE CLUBS, AND ONLY A FEW DAYS TO GO

12

A seven-day diary of the three teams fighting for the National League pennant. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED goes into locker rooms and dugouts to relate the heady joys of victory, the bitterness of defeat

THE FRONT RUNNER

25

The personality and record of Jockey Willie Hartack is discussed by JOE HIRSCH, with additional thoughts about Willie by leading jockeys and trainers

HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE U.S.

33

For the first time an official survey charts in detail the activities of America's outdoor sportsmen

PREVIEW: AMERICA'S BIG GAME

36

Hunters in record numbers are gunning for a record kill. A preseason roundup by REGINALD WELLS, plus area maps of where to go and what to expect. And IN COLOR a gallery of America's top big-game animals

THE DEPARTMENTS

- **COMING EVENTS** 6
- **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT** 16
- **EVENTS & DISCOVERIES** 21
- **SCOREBOARD** 31
- **THE 19th HOLE** 36
- **PAT ON THE BACK** 40

- **Hotbox:** JIMMY JEMAL asks women: Which do you prefer, the studios or the athletic male? 4
- **Tennis:** The 1956 Nationals were Ken Rosewell's. By WILLIAM F. TALBERT and HERBERT WARREN WIND 54
- **Motor Sports:** KENNETH RUDDEEN watches another big weekend for sports cars at Elkhart Lake 67
- **Travel:** HORACE SUTTON, halfway to Florida, paused in the Carolinas for horses and golf 82
- **Tip from the Top:** HELEN DEITWEILER discusses the importance for women of the correct wrist turn 92
- **Sporting Look:** From Scandinavia come the brightest sweaters in many a long winter's moon 92

NEXT WEEK: A SPECIAL ISSUE ON COLLEGE FOOTBALL



- A PREVIEW OF THE 1956 FOOTBALL SEASON
- HERMAN HICKMAN'S ELEVEN BEST ELEVENS
- SCOUTING REPORTS ON 120 COLLEGE TEAMS
- A SURVEY: WHAT HAPPENS TO FOOTBALL STARS?

HOTBOX



The Question:

Which would you prefer for a fiancé, an athletic man or the studious type? (Asked of contestants in the Miss Universe contest)

ELAINE EISHENDEN

Miss Canada



If a young man is too athletic he might not have much between the ears, and if he is too studious he might not be able to stand on his feet. I'd be more inclined to choose an athlete with some intelligence than a genius with flabby muscles. The athlete has enthusiasm and love of life.

MARCIA RODRIGUEZ

Miss Cuba



For me, *cariño*, a man must have an abundance of both qualities, with the accent on athletics, but I don't want a man who can't converse intelligently. An athlete who can do college work and get fair marks has all the qualities a woman wants. I can admire a man like that.

INGRID GOUDE

Miss Sweden



I have friends who are athletes and others who are students. If I can't have a fiancé who is both athletic and studious, I'd like him to be on the scholastic side, even if he couldn't skate or ski. It's the mind that will hold a girl's interest all through life, not the muscles.

GUDLAUG GUDMUNDSSOTTIR

Miss Iceland



I like athletes. They look wonderful and they can protect you. But I'm the studious type. For me an athlete has to have a little more than big muscles. I'd prefer a man like Dag Hammarskjöld of the U.N., who has never seen a football game, to an athlete with a fair amount of brains.

ROSANNA GALLI

Miss Italy



I rather like the man who is a good athlete. It is unusual to observe a good athlete who is not intelligent. A man isn't dumb just because he's strong. My fiancé is 24 years old, weighs 190 and has broad shoulders. He plays Rugby and rows. But he's also studying to be a doctor.

SARA TAL

Miss Israel



The first thing I notice in a man is his personality and his manner of speech. He must be tall because I am tall, 5 feet 11 inches. Therefore, I favor the athletic type. Let me say it this way: As between Ike, a former athlete, and the brilliant Ike, I'd rather be engaged to a man like Ike.

ANITA TREYENS

Miss France



I want both. I could love France's great tennis player, Jean Borotra, but a younger Borotra. What is wrong with a younger Borotra? He is a great hero in France. Not many athletes are like him. So my inclination would be toward the studious man who could be a good provider.

MARINA ORSCHER

Miss Germany



The man with a studious mind and a studious personality appeals to me more than the out-and-out athlete. But he must have an interest in sports. I couldn't like him too much if he did not participate in sports. In Germany most of us engage in sports, an important part of our life.

LUCIENNE AUGUIER

Miss Belgium



My ideal man is the Nordic type, very tall, very big, very strong and blond. And he must have culture because it would be impossible for me to become sentimental with a man unless he has the poise and mannerisms we associate with a man of good breeding.

NEXT WEEK:

Is it a help or a handicap being the son or daughter of a famous football player?



NOW, BECOME AN HEREDITARY ARCHDUKE!

Daydream no longer, thanks to Qantas

Much as we hate to *panic* the Rand McNally people, we have decided to change the name of the whole South Pacific to the Archduchy of Qantasylvania!

As might be imagined, this brilliant maneuver has stunned the competition. No need to tell of their office lights burning far into the night. We fear reprisals, for, in addition to superb Super-G Constellation coverage of Qantasylvania, Qantas global air routes also serve 5 continents. And we just know that unless we beat them to it, some other airline is going to rename North America, Africa, Europe, Asia, and Australia on us. We need splendid new names for these continents, too, and fast.

I.

Imagine the thrill of being the hereditary Archduke (or Archduchess) of Qantasylvania! All you have to do in this latest, greatest, Qantas contest is "Rename the Continents" and win glory *in perpetuo* for generation after titled generation of your family. You and the wife will while away many happy hours poring over the *Almanach de Gotha* and the Philadelphia Telephone Book selecting suitable mates for the kids.

Yes, for family fun an archduchy beats TV a mile. And think of the intrigue! Why, your brother-in-law, hereafter known as Count Rudolf the Ruthless, will be forever hatching plots. He's already acting a bit strange, we'll wager. So keep in solid with the Minister of Police, the Captain-General of Dragoons, and the old Gypsy fortune teller is what we say.

The prizes then: The one who submits the best new names for the continents succeeds to the archdukedom and receives certain magnificent gifts and perquisites which we shall enumerate shortly along with the 99 other mouth-watering prizes. All entrants will be given a handsome certificate of citizenship in Qantasylvania, suitable for framing. Do not delay, enter now and often!

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK '!!!'

Qantas, Union Square, San Francisco, California

Sure? Another census, eh? Very well, here's what I would name the continents if they were mine:

EUROPE: _____ AUSTRALIA: _____ NORTH AMERICA: _____
ASIA: _____ AFRICA: _____

QANTAS

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____

P.S. Can't we please arrange to get Rudolf exiled?

Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



Adrian Burk, Baylor, Philadelphia Eagles, star quarterback, stars also in Jantzen "Dapper Dan" cardigan of culmure-smooth Lembergwt. 9 color, S-M-L-XL... 12.95

Jantzen
SWEATERS

Jantzen Inc., Portland 2, Oregon



Cut for action

Our Loden Cloth Alpine coat

Like rough and ready winter sports? You'll see plenty of action in this Bavarian import from the German Alps... made of famous weather-resistant Loden Cloth. Comes with yoke shoulders, in gray or brown with matching checked Loden cloth lining... \$58.00
Jugger Wool "Bobsledder" Cap.
Assorted colors... \$3.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

562 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
SUMMER SHOP, STEANUS, MASS.
28 CHICAGO-WY. L.A.-5 NO. WABARE

COMING EVENTS

Sept. 14 through Sept. 23

● TV ★ COLORE TV ● NETWORK RADIO

ALL TIMES E.D.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

Auto Racing

Reno Horseless Carriage Club Tour, final day, Reno.

Baseball

● New York vs. St. Louis, New York, 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boating

Off-Shooting cruise, New London, Conn.

Boxing

● Ralph (Tiger) Jones vs. Wilf Graves, middleweights (10 rds.), Washington, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Cycling

U.S. Olympic team tryouts, San Jose, Calif.

Fishing

International Tuna Tournament, final day, Waipapa, Nova Scotia.

Horse Racing

Los Angeles Fair Quarter Horse meet, Pomona, Calif.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

Auto Racing

Indianapolis Fair Grounds 100-mile race, Indianapolis.
Watkins Glen Grand Prix races, final day, Watkins Glen, N.Y.

Baseball

● Cleveland vs. Boston, Cleveland, 1:45 p.m. (CBS-TV); 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boating

1956 Olympic Canoe Trials, Slacksburg, N.Y. (also Sept. 16).

President's Cup, unlimited hydroplanes, Washington, D.C.

225-cu-in hydroplane American Power Boat Association championship, Milwaukee, Ky.

Hat Island Sail race, Seattle.

Boxing

Charley Green vs. George Johnson, middleweights (10 rds.), Hollywood, Calif.

Golf

58th United States Golf Association amateur championships, final day, Lake Forest, Ill.

Horse Racing

● United Nations Handicap, \$800,000, 3-yr.-olds up, 1 1/16 m., Atlantic City, 5:30 p.m. (CBS-TV), 5 p.m. (CBS-radio)

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

Auto Racing

NASCAR Convertible Circuit, Memphis, Tenn.

Baseball

● Milwaukee vs. Cincinnati, Milwaukee, 2 p.m. (Mutual*) (For the remainder of season, Mutual will sell club broadcasts daily as NL race dictates.)

Boating

Rogers Memorial trophy, unlimited hydroplanes, Washington, D.C.
World championship 800-kilo motorboat class, Lake Lapine, Italy.

Boxing

Peter Mueller vs. Charley Humez, heavyweights (10 rds.), Dortmund, Germany.

Football

● Baltimore vs. Washington (preseason game), Baltimore, 2 p.m. (CBS-TV).

Motorcycling

Class A National hillclimb championship, Laconia, N.H.

Secor

Hamilton vs. Philadelphia, Philadelphia.

Track & Field

AAU 25-kilometer championship walk, Clinton, N.J.

AAU 50-kilometer championship walk, Baltimore.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

Baseball

Brooklyn vs. Cincinnati, Brooklyn.
New York vs. Milwaukee, New York.

Boating

Canadian-American sailing team championships, six-meter boats, Oyster Bay, N.Y. (through Sept. 21).

Boxing

● Jerry Linden vs. Pat McAker, middleweights (10 rds.), St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (Du Neat)

Golf

USGA Women's Amateur championship, Meriden Hills, Indianapolis (through Sept. 22).

Metropolitan Open, Inwood CC, Inwood, N.Y. (through Sept. 19).

Softball

Men's World championship tournament, Sacramento (through Sept. 23).

Track

Marathon Relay, Boston.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

Baseball

Brooklyn vs. St. Louis, Brooklyn (also Sept. 19).

Philadelphia vs. Cincinnati, Philadelphia (also Sept. 19).

Pittsburgh vs. Milwaukee, Pittsburgh (also Sept. 19).

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

Boxing

● Ludwig Lightbox vs. Kerry Lane, lightweights (10 rds.), Miami, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Horse Racing

Discovery Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/8 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

Boxing

Regional Olympic tryouts for 10 states, Oakland Air Force Base, San Antonio (also Sept. 21).

Golf

Oklahoma City Open, Twin Hills CC, Okla. (through Sept. 23).

Harness Racing

The Little Brown Jug, \$70,000, 3-yr.-old pacers, Delaware, Ohio.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

Auto Racing

United States Auto Club sprint races, Springfield, Mass. (also Sept. 22).

Baseball

Pittsburgh vs. Brooklyn, Pittsburgh.

Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, Cincinnati.

Boston vs. New York, Boston (night game).

Boxing

● Ike Chestnut vs. Miguel Bernos, featherweights (10 rds.), Olympia Stadium, Detroit, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football

UCLA vs. Utah, Los Angeles (N).

Pro-Chicago Bears vs. Cleveland Browns, Soldier Field, Chicago.

Track and Field

All-comers AAU meet, Pasadena, Calif.

continued on page 9

Inspired by today's cars:

all 1936 Chrysler made cars feature the new *Flight Sweep* ... a long, low, forward-thrusting look that demonstrates the latest concept in modern design ... a look that's immediately bold, youthful, distinctive.



Introducing the freshest note in brim design you'll
see this year ... the new

LEE FLIGHT SWEEP



note the unusual curl

In the narrow brim ...
how it sweeps out from
the crown in a smooth
arc ... with no sharp
dip or break.



the secret

of the Lee *Flight Sweep*
is the new "curved
edge" that sets this trim,
new low-crown hat
apart from all others.



Here's the newest (and smartest!) hat-styling improvement in years — a new brim that flows with the ease and grace of a hard-to-flight. Hat makers have always been aware of the irregular dip, or break, that occurs with ordinary turned-down brims. Nothing, it seemed, could be done about

it until Lee developed the unique curved edge. Now the sharp dip is gone forever. Try on a smart back-bow *FLIGHT SWEEP* and note the big difference. In the new popular shades. Pre-blocked for custom fit. \$10.95.

Lee hats \$8.95 to \$40.00

Lee hats
because appearance
counts



WINCHESTER 50

MODEL

PRICED FROM \$127.95

NO POWER LOSS



**STAY ON TARGET
SHOT AFTER SHOT**



**30% LESS RECOIL
EFFECT**



**READY FOR
RUGGED ACTION**

Operating smoothly, without barrel-shifting or muzzle flip, the Model 50 gets in fast, accurate second and third shots. The secret of the silky action lies in an exclusive chamber design that eliminates all the compromise formerly a part of auto-loading design.

Shoot any load all day with no fatigue! The exclusive Model 50 recoil system translates tough jobs into gentle pushes. No adjustment necessary when changing from light to heavy loads. Shoot a 50 and see for yourself how easy it is on the shoulder.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Here's an all-weather shotgun built to take it! The firm, positive action does a fast, smooth job every time, regardless of weather, weed, seeds or dirt. Don't baby this baby—it's at home on duck blinds or quail cover—anywhere there's something to hunt.

Be sure the automatic shotgun you buy doesn't waste power! The Winchester Model 50, world's first automatic shotgun with a non-recoiling barrel, delivers every ounce of energy packed into today's fine shot shells. What's more, it's the sweetest pointing, most graceful auto-loader you've ever put to your shoulder—Look 'em all over before you buy—For 90 years Winchester's have been the choice of sportsmen who know the best costs the least in the long run. 12 and 20 gauges.



Buy the Winchester Model 50 on time! As little as \$12.95 down and up to 20 months to pay make the Model 50 yours the easy way.

COMING EVENTS

continued from page 6

Rodeo

AK-Sak-Ben rodeo (\$15,500), Omaha (through Sept. 30)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

Auto Race

Nichigan Mile rally, sports cars, Chicago.

Baseball

Pittsburgh vs. Brooklyn, Pittsburgh.
Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, Cincinnati.
Boston vs. New York, Boston.

Boating

American Power Boat Assoc. Alcohol Class outboard championships, Long Beach, Calif. (through Sept. 23)
New Martinsville unlimited class hydroplane regatta, New Martinsville, Va.
265- and 325-cubic-inch class inboard national championships, New Martinsville, Va. (also Sept. 22)
President's Cup sailing regatta, Hains Point, Washington, D.C.

Football

(Leading college games)

EAST

Lehigh vs. Gettysburg, Bethlehem, Pa.
Maryland vs. Syracuse, College Park, Md., 2 p.m. (ABC*)
Mehlaberg vs. Lafayette, Allentown, Pa.
West Virginia vs. Pittsburgh, Morgantown, W. Va.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Arkansas vs. Hardin-Simmons, Fayetteville, Ark.
Kentucky vs. Georgia Tech, Lexington, Ky., 2:30 p.m. (NBC*) Men to watch: Kentucky's Bob Daugherty (44) & Georgia Tech's George Vekert (24)
Mississippi St. vs. Florida, St. College, Miss.
North Carolina vs. North Carolina St., Chapel Hill, N.C.
Rice vs. Alabama, Houston.
Southern Methodist vs. Notre Dame, Dallas.
Tennessee vs. Auburn, Birmingham.
Texas vs. Southern California, Austin, Texas.
Texas A&M vs. Villanova, College Station, Texas.
Vanderbilt vs. Georgia, Nashville.
Virginia vs. VMI, Charlottesville, Va.
William & Mary vs. Wake Forest, Wilkesburg, Va.

WEST

Kansas vs. TCU, Lawrence, Kan.
Missouri vs. Oregon St., Columbia, Mo.
Nebraska vs. South Dakota, Lincoln, Neb.

FAR WEST

California vs. Baylor, Berkeley, Calif.
Colorado vs. Oregon, Boulder, Col.
Washington vs. Idaho, Seattle.
Washington St. vs. Stanford, Spokane.

Horse Racing

Beldene Handicap, \$50,000, fives & mares, 3-year-olds & up, 1 1/8 m., Belmont Pk., N.Y.

Tennis

Pacific Coast championships, Berkeley, Calif.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

Auto Racing

NASCAR Convertible championship race, Martinsville, Va.

Baseball

Pittsburgh vs. Brooklyn, Pittsburgh.
Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, Cincinnati.
Boston vs. New York, Boston.

Football

(Professional)

Washington Redskins vs. Detroit Lions (preseason game), Civic Stadium, Buffalo, 2 p.m. (CBS)

Rodeo

Washington Rodeo (\$9,000), final day, Pullayup, Washington.

* See local listing

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

I REMEMBER reading, some time ago, that the eminent modern poet-philosopher from India, Rabindranath Tagore, was invited to a football game on one of his trips to the U.S. As the opposing lines struggled up and down the field the gentle Tagore grew more and more horrified, until he finally turned to the professors who were his hosts, saying, "But this is no game. This is war!"

Going along with the notion that the philosopher's impression of America's great autumn sport was an accurate one, a task force of

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED writers, reporters and photographers, under the combined generalship of Associate Editor Alfred Wright and Special Contributor Herman Hickman, have assembled for next week's issue a volume which should be as important for the ardent 1956 football fan as the works of Clausewitz are for the student of warfare.



For next week's issue will concern itself almost exclusively with the coming football season. Among its features will be:

A two-page, two-color football map showing the U.S. pictorially divided into hostile regions.

The Eleven Best Eleven—those top teams which Herman Hickman predicts are most likely to provide fans with winning football during 1956.

A complete, 60-page series of scouting reports by major conferences from the Ivy League to the Pacific Coast, of virtually every major team in the country.

Innumerable pictures of coaches and stars, many of them in full color, plus an assortment of cartoons by Marc Simont.

And a special article by Robert Coughlan on a question that virtually every fan has asked himself at one time or another: What actually happens to the nation's football greats after they leave the campus?

Next week's is the second special one-subject issue which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will have published. All of us hope that you will find it as useful, informative and entertaining as you told us you found its predecessor, the special baseball issue of April 9. (The next one, a special Olympic issue to appear in November, I will tell you about shortly.)

Harry Phillips



SANTA SAYS, "WHETHER THEY'RE PAR BREAKERS..."



2.

3.

OR SOD BUSTERS,



4.

GOLFERS APPRECIATE A U. S. ROYAL GIFT CASE."

1. Famous gift box that becomes indoor putting cup. Contains one dozen U. S. Royal Golf Balls. 2. Handsome maroon utility case. One dozen U. S. Royal Golf Balls. 3. Ideal gift for woman golfer—striking antiqued gold-colored gift box containing six U. S. Queen Royal Golf Balls. 4. Modern gift case in maroon finish—makes beautiful cigarette box. Comes with six U. S. Royal Golf Balls.

You can buy U. S. Royal gift cases at your Golf Professional's Shop, available in U. S. Royal Specialty, Blues, Reds and Queen Royals. U. S. Royal Golf Balls can be personalized on orders received no later than November 15th. Minimum order for this special offer—one dozen per name.



United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.



TRYING TO BREAK UP A DOUBLE PLAY, JOHNNY LOGAN TANGLES WITH EDDY McWILLAN, BUT TOO LATE TO PREVENT THE THROW TO FIRST BASE

CRASH - Red Meets Brave

The National League race became almost unbearably tense in its closing days. Last week, to catch the heady joy of victory or the bitterness of every defeat which professional phlegm can never quite conceal, *Sports Illustrated* sent a writer with each of the three clubs

now straining so desperately: Baseball Editor Robert Greener with the Brooklyn Dodgers, Reporters Lee Woodcock and Jack Olsen with the Cincinnati Redlegs and Milwaukee Braves. Their dispatches from dugout and clubhouse are on opposite and succeeding pages

THREE CLUBS, AND ONLY A FEW DAYS TO GO

Thousands of dollars await every Dodger, or Brave or Redleg,
who helps his club into the World Series. So the heat is on

MONDAY



Braves began drifting into their clubhouse three hours before the big Labor Day double-header with Cincinnati. The radio blared. Earl Hersh and Bob Trowbridge played cards on a trunk in the middle of the floor. When someone mentioned the Dodgers, fiery Johnny Logan spoke up: "They keep calling 'em the old pros. Well, we're the young pros."

The hall to the stadium was black with fans. Ten minutes before gametime the largest crowd (47,604) ever to pay its way into Milwaukee's County Stadium had assembled. More than 12,000 cars were parked outside.

Hank Aaron was the hero of the first game. After hitting two home runs he doubled in the ninth, and Joe Adcock brought him home with the winning run. The crowd went mad, and the whole Milwaukee team rushed out to engulf Hank as he crossed the plate.

The exhilaration quickly died when the Reds won the last 2-0 lead in the second game, which they won. But Coach Bob Koohey echoed the general sentiment: "The spell didn't hurt us any."



Cincinnati fans erupted onto Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee's main thoroughfare, at 9:30 that morning. They had spent most of the night singing and dancing in the train, and now they were wearing red derbies, brandishing cornbells and tooting whistles.

Around the batting cage Ed Bailey talked about the strain of a pennant stretch run: "You're tired but you can't afford to be with all that money at stake." He walked away singing, "Clang, clang, clang goes the trolley." All through that first game, Birdie Tebbetts sat on a towel on the rim of the dugout and carefully watched for Lew Burdette to throw any spitballs. When Adcock broke up the game, Birdie bowed his head. "It was real quiet in the dressing room," Gus Bell reported later.

There wasn't too much elation after winning the second game, mostly just the weariness of a long day of ball. Three-quarters of the Red infield (Temple, McMillan and Grammas) hurried out to catch a movie.



The Dodgers were exhausted before the double-header with the Pirates. Pee Wee Reese was drawn and haggard. For the first time in memory, he showed his 37 years. The Dodgers beat Pittsburgh in the first game, but then they listlessly lost the second 3-2, with Bob Friend squashing them in relief. Friend had commented earlier, "You can overpower a tired man. You can fool him because he's not aggressive at the plate." For the first time in over two years, the Dodgers failed to hit a homer in a double-header at bandbox Ebbets Field. Day off tomorrow. The weary Reese said, "I'm going to sleep all day."

	GB	To Play
Milwaukee	1	23
Brooklyn	3½	22
Cincinnati	3½	22

TUESDAY



Milwaukee Manager Fred Haney ate a light meal in the afternoon before the third game with Cincinnati. In the dressing room the gin rummy players got going on their trunks—among them Bobby Buhl and Toby Atwell, who have the longest continuing game on the team. Danny O'Connell rested under the heat pads and confided, "Gee, I had a bad dream we are going to lose tonight." Hank Aaron's laugh could be heard above the chatter. "That Henry's laughing again. He's leading the National League," Johnny Logan giped.

But Milwaukee fans had few opportunities to cheer that night. Tension filled the stands when the Braves tied the game in the eighth, but the crescendo of noise died as Milwaukee's rally did the same. After the loss, the dressing room was closed to visitors for 15 minutes.



The Redlegs are forbidden by Manager Tebbetts to play cards in the dressing room. Before the game they talked, got rubdowns, read comic books. It turned out to be a good night. They got fine pitching from Jeffcoat and Freeman, and the almost inevitable home run from Frank Robinson beat Milwaukee in the 10th. Once again there was spectacular fielding from Johnny Temple and Roy McMillan. "Those guys

are always making plays like that," Gas Bell said enthusiastically. "You don't realize it by just reading about it. You have to see them every day to appreciate them."

The Redlegs' dressing room was decorated with wide grins. "You never feel very tired when you win one like this," Tebbetts said, naked in front of his locker, broad face beaming, a big glass of beer in his hand, talking to everyone within earshot. Wally Post muttered, "Now they seem to be getting tighter, every game, I mean. There isn't much more time left."



Dodgers. It was a lovely day. Reese got his good night's sleep, but in the afternoon he took his daughter Barbara over to the doctor's for a routine checkup. Carl Furillo went fishing off Sheephead Bay; Roy Campanella piled his ample family into his 40-foot boat *Princess* and chugged across Long Island Sound and back. Randy Jackson, Don Bessent and Duke Mitchell played golf on Staten Island. Jackson shot a 78. Jackie Robinson brought his wife and two boys into New York to see *Moby Dick*. Carl Erskine said: "Took the family into New York City, to Fifth Avenue. Did some shopping, saw a couple of friends, had dinner, took a nice drive." Don Newcombe got a haircut and then put in a day's work at his liquor store in Newark. Duke Snider went out on Long Island and visited some friends; except for hitting out a pair of golf balls, he did nothing but loaf. Gil Hodges stayed at home all day with his new baby. Walter Alton went to a movie and then listened to Vin Scully's recreated broadcast of the Cincinnati-Milwaukee game which, he said with a smile, he didn't mind at all. And sister, blue-jawed Sal Maglie, honing his razor for his pitching assignment on Wednesday, took his 15-month-old son to the park and pushed him gently on the swings.

It was a wonderful day off.

	GB	To Play
Milwaukee	..	22
Cincinnati	2½	21
Brooklyn	3	22

SONY FINGER OF GOOM WAGGLES AT REDLEG MANAGER TERRETTIS



WEDNESDAY



At Milwaukee's batting practice, before the last game of the Cincinnati series, someone watched Billy Braton swing his bat and asked him if it contained any base hits. "Ought to. I haven't taken any out," was the reply.

Poor hitting has Manager Haney worried. This would be no time for the club to go into a hitting slump. The pitching, of course, is fine. Lew Burdette, the star, sat on the dugout steps and good-naturedly accepted some needling about his alleged fondness for the spitball. "I'm having an awful lot of luck with a pitch I don't even have." He wiped his forehead with his hand and slapped it across his glove a couple of times with ostentatious exaggeration.

Johnny Logan remarked innocently: "It looks like it's going to be a close National League, doesn't it?"

But the game gave the Braves nothing to kid about. Warren Spahn took the mound in expectation of his 200th major league victory. Twenty-seven pitches later he was back in the clubhouse and the Redlegs had a 5-0 lead. They scored seven more times to win shatteringly, 12-2.

Who said the pitching was O.K.? Who said anything was O.K.? There was no joy in the dressing room, nor in Milwaukee. People here don't refer to the Braves; it's always, "we did this today" or "we won yesterday."



The Redlegs spent a lazy morning before getting out to the Milwaukee park that afternoon. The only variation in the dressing room routine was offered by Jimmy Dykes in the shape of an impromptu Charleston in his underwear in front of the lockers.

The game was a dull one as the Redlegs tore the Braves' pitching apart. They really looked like a pennant winner. A key to their success just now is a little Greek who never made it as a shortstop with the Cardinals but who is playing a tremendous third base for Cincinnati: Alex Grammas. Said a Cincinnati writer: "If we'd had him all year, we might be six games ahead by now."



The Dodgers were sprightly and cheerful in the locker room both before and after their game with the Pirates, which they won 4-3. TV viewers on the squad offered sound advice to Sheena of the Jungle before the game ("Duck!") and to Manager Mike Higgins of the Boston Red Sox after it ("Walk Skewron and pitch to McDougald!"). On the field their hitting was far from overpowering but it had spark. In the sixth Robinson squeezed Reese home from third with a perfect sacrifice bunt for what proved to be the winning run. Sal Maglie's splendid curve and pluperfect timing had Pirate batters so off stride that 18 of their 27 outs came on ground balls to the infield. Maglie's earned run average over his last 10 starts was an eye-opening 1.91 runs per game.

	GB	To Play
Milwaukee		21
Cincinnati	1½	20
Brooklyn	2	21

THURSDAY



Milwaukee was unscheduled. Manager Fred Haney went hunting. Joe Adcock caught eight small trout. Henry Aaron saw a movie. In the late afternoon the club entrained for Chicago.



DODGERS' CARL FURILLO LONES MAT BUT KELLY-SLIDES THROUGH QUEST TO REACH SECOND SAFELY WITH TWO-BASE HIT AGAINST THE GIANTS



The Redlegs, also unscheduled, took an overnight train to St. Louis. Some slept well, some complained of "the bouncy ride."



The Dodgers, due to start a four-game series with the Giants, were rained out.

	GB	To Play
Milwaukee		21
Cincinnati	1½	20
Brooklyn	2	21

FRIDAY



The Braves came to Wrigley Field full of zip and vinegar. "Why should we be feeling bad?" asked Adecock, when gently reminded of the club's three-game losing streak. "We're in first place."

The boys frisked around as if they had a 10-game lead and one week to go. O'Connell joked to Adecock: "Ain't it a shame we can't just buy these four games from the Cubs?" "Go ahead," Adecock laughed, "put the fix in." "Too many guys to pay off," O'Connell retorted.

Then came the debacle at the hands of Chicago's in-and-out Jones (a 5-0 shutout), and the Braves' joy went out like a fractured electric light bulb. Haney slammed the clubhouse door for 10 minutes and delivered a crisp lecture on the need for base hits. Adecock sulkily nursed a small spike wound. Burdette and Charlie Root opened some beer and vainly tried to console the others.



Cincinnati that night was in St. Louis where there isn't supposed to be any pitching, but the Cardinals' Vinegar Bend Mizell shut the Redlegs out with two hits, while Ken Boyer hit a game-winning homer.

In the morning before the night game the players held a fan-tan game in their hotel lobby. Among them was Joe Nuxhall, who was to lose the tough 1-0 verdict that evening. Wally Post and Gus Bell also kept an eye on the swimming pool and reported any pretty girls approaching.

Around lunchtime Birdie Tobbettes, feeling lonesome, spent a couple of hours with Freddie Hutchinson, an old pal of his American League days, who was also feeling lonesome in the hotel next door. In the dressing room, Ted Kluszewski found his shower slippers nailed to the floor. "That son of a gun. That's Wehmeier did that."

It was the coldest Sept. 7 in St. Louis in 107 years. The game took less than two hours. Afterward, the Redlegs, slightly shocked, were saying little.

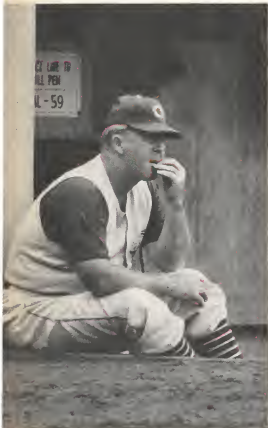


Brooklyn Manager Walt Alston expounded his views on pennant pressure before the double-header with the Giants at Ebbets Field. "I don't believe a player can produce his best when he's trying with all his might to play his best. Of course, some play better when the chips are down."

He may have been proudly talking of his own men, now trying to come from behind in the pennant race. They blew the first to the Giants but came out expecting to win the second without strain behind Don Newcombe. Yet the Giants and Al Worthington held on 1-1 into extra innings. In the 11th, Jackie Robinson choked a rally when he was trapped between first and second, but with two out Carl Furillo took Jackie off the hook with a game-winning homer into the left field seats. The clubhouse afterward was not ecstatic but immensely cheerful. Reese put on a wonderful act of moaning about the official scorer who had called that Reese thought was a base hit an error. Pee Wee climbed into his locker and said feelingly to Hodges, "Lack me in, Gil. Don't let me out where I can get at him." Robinson shouted at Furillo, "Carl Furillo, you home run hitter. I can sleep tonight now. If you hadn't of hit that one I'd of tossed and turned all night, getting myself picked off like that." For the first time all week they seemed to be looking forward to the next day's game.

	GB	To Play
Milwaukee		20
Cincinnati	1½	19
Brooklyn	1½	19

AGONY IN THE



CINCINNATI MANAGER Birdie Tebbetts ponders problem of keeping his so-so pitching staff performing on a par with his lineup of powerful sluggers.

MILWAUKEE MANAGER Fred Haney (center) grimly watches one Brave defeat in five-game losing streak that tightened race. Haney's problem: to get some hitting to match the superb pitching of five starters, one of whom (Lew Burdette, chewing nails) worries along with the manager.



DUGOUT

Tense faces of the managers of the three top teams reflect the crisis in the National League race as no club seems able to put together the winning streak that would clinch the pennant



BROOKLYN MANAGER. Walter Adson, phoning bullpen, has own unique problem: getting last spark from aging first-stringers.

ECLAT ON THE COURTS



GOOD-HUMORED ROSEWALL EXHIBITS MOCK GUEST OF TEMPERAMENT



SLICK GRASS SURFACE CAUSES ONE OF ROSEWALL'S FREQUENT SPILLS



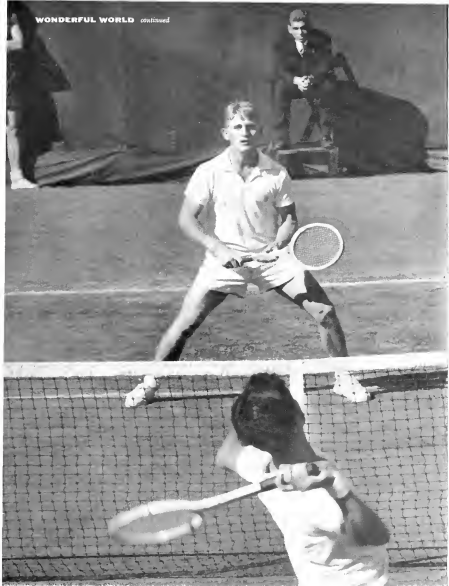
Ken Rosewall displays the temperament and armament—including one of the great backhands in tennis history (center)—that brought him an upset victory over Lew Hoad and U.S. singles title at Forest Hills



FINE FOOTWORK SAVES OFF-BALANCE ROSEWALL ON FOREHAND



APPRECIATIVE ROSEWALL APPLAUDS HIS FOE'S PASSING SHOT



SMASH OF A SLAM

Hoad's dream of a grand slam (see page 54) begins to fade as Rosewall prepares to put away a smash en route to his clear-cut 4-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3 victory

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

CAN MANTLE BREAK GUETTLE'S RECORD? • A CONNOISSEUR'S
UMPIRE • TENNIS FOR THE RUSSIANS • GOLF WITHOUT CLUBS • THE
PANGUINE PLAYER OF THE IBC • VISIT TO A SHIP IN ITS GRAVE

THE RECORD BUSINESS

IN BOSTON last Wednesday Mickey Mantle dropped behind Babe Ruth's 1927 home run pace for the first time this year, and 60 homers began to seem beyond reach. People all over the country were a little sad—and at the same time a little glad to think that if the Everest God made has fallen, the one Ruth made is safe for another year.

Well, safe in the big leagues, that is. Ken Guettler of the Shreveport Sports wound up the Texas League season the other day with 62 home runs, breaking the league record of 55 (set in 1924). Dick Stuart of the Lincoln (Neb.) Chiefs got 61 homers by August and then slumped uninterruptedly through the final month of the Western League season. He wound up with a mere 66, half a dozen short of the alltime minor league record of 72, set by Joe Bauman of Roswell, N. Mex. in the now defunct Longhorn League in 1954.

These Mantles of the minors have almost nothing in common except their crisp performances at bat. Both are in their 20s, yet the hard facts of physiology are such that one of them has a major league future in baseball and the other will be lucky to have another season as good as this one.

At 23, Stuart is on the way up. He will tell you he expects to be playing for the Pittsburgh Pirates next year unless some (in his opinion) wise baseball executive from another major league club buys him first.

Guettler, on the other hand, describes himself as a 29-year-old outfielder with a crooked right arm, poor vision and 11 years of minor league baseball behind him. He doesn't expect to make the majors ever, because of his injuries and long years of batting

against second- and third-rate pitching.

No major league club has even inquired about Guettler. He has a short right arm which he can't bend more than 45°, a result of an ice hockey injury. He can't even throw like an outfielder, and his vision is so bad that he had to sit out a series of games in Houston last May when his glasses disappeared from his locker. Texas League baseball writers recently named him Player of the Year. Having done that, they noted that Guettler is a newcomer from the Piedmont League (which folded after the 1955 season) and voted him Rookie of the Year as well.

In contrast, Stuart is cocky, handsome, powerful (6 feet 3 inches, 210 pounds). His one purpose is to hit home runs. "They pay for home runs in baseball," he explains.

His teammates call him Donkey, as a tactful hint that his fielding might be better. Indeed, they are fond of reminding him that, as a movie extra, he recently played the part of a dead soldier in *D-day, the Sixth of June*—swearing that he plays his outfield role the same way. At bat, though, Stuart comes to life. One of his homers (hit in Pueblo, Col.) measured 510 feet, and several of his drives at Lincoln Park have cleared the 60-foot light tower at the 375-foot marker. A good many Nebraskans have found that, for suspense and excitement, a real-life Dick Stuart compares favorably with an electronic Mickey Mantle.

It's the same down in Shreveport. There, when some stranger asks a local fan, "Do you think Mickey Mantle

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Muddy but Unbowed

Scandal-struck and penalized, the Pacific Coast Conference sends Southern Cal to first major intercollegiate game (with Texas) on Sept. 22. USC Coach Jess Hill, with 60 men eligible for only half the season, is now devising a two-platoon system—one for first, one for second half of season.

• Swaps and Trades

Pittsburgh enjoyed news that Pirate President John Galbreath has acquired an interest in Swaps, speculated on where he would fit in Pirate plans. But dead-serious Rex Ellsworth (who bought 41 mares from Aga Khan, wants to build world's best breeding farm in California) purposefully traded half his title to Swaps for a number of Galbreath's choice brood mares.

• Late to School

Cincinnati Redlegs ruled out winter baseball for Rookie Frank Robinson, who may enter Xavier University. Father Paul O'Connor, Xavier's president, has okayed late registration: "He'll be in the World Series, you know."

• Man with a New Job

The President's Council on Youth Fitness got an executive director: Shane MacCarthy, 48, formerly of the CIA, a sportsman (golf, handball, cycling) who knows the young (five sons). Next step: appointment of 100 private citizens to a nationwide advisory committee.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 21

still has a chance to break the record this year?" he gets another question right back: "Which record—Ruth's or Guettler's?"

OUR FAVORITE UMPIRE

FOR CONNOISSEURS of umpiring the National League this year offers an encouraging phenomenon. He is Freshman Umpire Henry C. (Shag) Crawford, 36, who never walks when he can run, who already has established a Shag style of umpiring easily recognizable at any ball park.

When Crawford umpires behind the plate he dashes after foul balls and pop flies with catchers and infielders. He skims from plate to base, even to the edge of the outfield, often arriving at a play in a dead heat with players and other umpires. Between innings he stands 10 feet down the first-base line, and when the pitcher has completed his preliminary throws he sals in to the plate with his whisk broom. His method of throwing new balls to the pitcher is beyond criticism. After a



hop, skip and modified leg kick his sidearm fast balls land in the pitcher's glove with a resounding smack.

When not the umpire-in-chief behind the plate Shag, of course, officiates on the bases and knows enough not to be poking his sharp-chinned jaw into another umpire's territory. But he's what the pros call a good backstopper. When another umpire has more than one play to call in his area Shag will be right on the spot. At the Polo Grounds the other day he made consecutive back-up calls at first and third, operating, of course, as roving plate umpire.

Crawford has been wearing an umpire's cap on his head for only six years. During World War II he wore a sailor hat, served on a destroyer that unsuccessfully tried to shag away from a Kamikaze in the Battle of Luzon. After the war he hustled milk bottles to South Philadelphia housewives, became an umpire after the semipro baseball team on which he played (all positions) disbanded. Shag worked his way up to the big time by officiating in the Canadian American League (Class C), the Eastern League (Class A) and the

American Association (Class AAA). Last year he umpired in the Little World Series.

Major leaguers seem pretty much in favor of the tall, slim (6 feet one inch, 170 pounds) hustler. Says one veteran umpire: "He's the best young umpire to come up in a long time." Shortstop Roy McMillan of Cincinnati says: "He's a good one. He keeps on top of the plays, and he hasn't gotten into any fights with us yet. I like that."

Shag Crawford doesn't run off at the mouth about himself. He just says: "The closer I get to the plays, the better I can call them. Oh, yes, there's another reason. I want to speed up the game."

DISCIPLINED TENNIS

THE RUSSIANS weren't ready to send tennis players to Forest Hills this year. But give them time. Strollers in Washington's Rock Creek Park this summer have been surprised by the appearance twice each week of 10 to 20 members of the Soviet Embassy staff, filling two fenced-in public courts to the bursting point with flying rackets, balls and outcries in English and Russian. As many as 10 Russians have lined up on each side of the net at one time, lobbing, driving and smashing balls across the net at an opposing 10 on the other side.

This resolute Russian determination to master an unfamiliar sport began in July when the Embassy Volleyball League season ended. The Russians (who won the tournament) asked the District of Columbia recreation department for tennis instruction. The department lent balls and rackets and also provided an instructor at \$5 for 10 lessons. Since recent reports indicate that Russia intends to enter the 1957 Davis Cup competition and Soviet sports journals periodically blast Russian apathy about tennis, the embassy's sudden enthusiasm could be more for the party line than for the game. But the embassy set deprecates this view.

"Why do we want to play tennis?" asked Third Secretary Ivan Rostov, who arrived at the court with blue shorts under his gray business suit and carrying his tennis shoes in a paper bag. "We just wanted to play, so we played. I myself have always preferred chess. Is it as popular here as well? I do not believe it is. But you can't stay inside all the time, so we decided to play tennis."

He stepped out on the court, exhibited an amazingly sound forehand and

grinned broadly after a good smash that bounded past his opponent. Men and women in shorts and sneakers concentrated for an hour and a half on backhand and forehand drives (they have not yet learned to serve). Three little girls in pig tails patrolled the backcourt area with cardboard boxes collecting stray balls. Their parents never let up hanging and lobbing balls for a moment. The instructor, Claude Kilday from Maryland's Kenwood Country Club, says he has never seen anything like their earnestness. "Nice, Bukarin!" Kilday shouted when Diplomat Alexander Bukarin displayed a stylish backhand, "I do not know if I play well or not," said Lev Ilyin. "The only time I have ever played is here. This is my third lesson. I specialized in gymnastics. Mr. Rostov specialized in chess. That is a sport, too."

Russia has not claimed the invention of tennis, but their historians insist it was played there as early as 1880. Under Stalin tennis was officially pronounced frivolous. A swift reversal was signaled when *Pravda* demanded that clubs stop turning courts into volleyball stadia and get busy turning out players. Now 2,000 coaches are trained each year. Judging by this Washington example, reports of assiduous tennis activity behind the Iron Curtain are not exaggerated. "For people who have never played before," said Kilday, "and remember some of these people are pretty hefty, I've never seen a harder-working bunch in my life. You talk to them and tell them to do something, and they look you right in the eye and listen. Then, by golly they go ahead and do what you told them."

AMATEUR FRONT

JUNIE BOXBAUM, 46, the Memphis insurance salesman who won this year's USGA Public Links Championship, has supplied the USGA, at its request, with one of the golf balls he used in his victory over Bill Scarbrough. Could he also furnish one of the clubs for a USGA display?

Excerpt from Junie's answer: "I wish I could. . . . However, the club I was using were borrowed, and I hardly think the boy would go for the idea of my breaking up his set."

LUCK OF THE DRAW

THE INTERNATIONAL Boxing Club's Chicago store (Truman K. Gibson Jr., proprietor) has made very little news lately, what with attention centered

continued on page 25



"I don't know when I've seen the water so clear."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 22

on the embarrassment of the Illinois boxing commission in the jailing of one of its judges, Ed Hintz, now doing a stretch at Joliet for conspiring to defraud the state of \$637,000. But one has only to wait. This week the IBC came through, though in a halfhearted sort of way.

Isay Kline, IBC's matchmaker for the Chicago Stadium, got himself pinched in a North Clark Street gambling den raid, charged with being an inmate. This is not, perhaps, as serious a misdemeanor as some of the bouts Isay has matched, but it has its interesting aspects. Isay and friends were playing no such proxy game as poker or bridge or snipe-and-snooze. They were engaged in an exotic pastime—panguingue.

Panguingue is a multihanded variant of conquian, a Mexican card game for two players only. In the Philippine Islands the Tagalogs play a game called *pangupangut*, and it might even be the same as the one Isay was playing. Webster's unabridged does not make this clear.

To play panguingue requires some heavy shuffling, for it uses eight decks of cards from which only the 8s, 9s and 10s have been removed. Sometimes, to liven things up a bit, extra 3s, 5s and 7s of spades are added to the mess. The 3s, 5s and 7s of any suit are *ralle* (value) cards and pay one chip to the bolder, but spades pay two chips. That is to say, the holder of a *ralle* combination collects one or two chips from each of the other players. There were nine others caught in the raid with Isay, so it must have been quite a game.

Panguingue has some of the fascinations of rummy in that the players try to form certain combinations or sets of not less than three cards. Its history is obscure, but presumably it entered the United States from Mexico. Conquian has long been played in southern border states and in the panguingue form eventually made its way to Chicago, where Isay found it.

DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION

THE LITERATURE of the sea is linked to technology and the two change together, so that Ulysses and Ahab and Quee, meeting across the centuries, would understand each other's doings as men but not as ships' captains. Men recently discovered that the surface of the ocean itself is a frontier and (with

the help of technology) crossed it to explore a new world of beauty and danger. From this world comes the newest kind of writing about the sea.

An expedition of trained divers set out not long ago to find the sunken liner *Andrea Doria* where it lies in the Atlantic and to explore its rooms and passages. The buoy which had marked the ship was gone, and for many miles the water was equally strewn with oil slicks and debris. After days of search the men located the wreck from the air by picking out an oil slick whose form showed that it was not drifting at random, but was fed by the invisible ship.

They worked at depths from 185 to 220 feet, where nitrogen narcosis, which resembles drunkenness, affected their minds and where their oxygen supply was good for only 10 or 15 minutes. Keeping always in pairs, they made photographs, explored some of the ship's interior and brought back a few curious souvenirs. The whole story is told in *Lure* this week by one of the magazine's editors, Kenneth MacLeish, who was also one of the divers. Here is a brief sample, taken from MacLeish's story, of the new literature of the sea:

"At first [the diver] moves through a zone of pale water, warm to the touch, in which many jellyfish drift. The light is almost that of day. But as he drives downward the light fades swiftly. At 50 feet the water turns sharply colder. The fragile creatures of the sunlit levels vanish. There is no more motion, no color but a deep blue-green.

"It is at this level that the diver enters that peculiar realm which gives ocean diving its most stirring quality—and, to some, its terror. Here there is neither surface nor bottom. The earthling diver, accustomed to living in a

plane of planes and surfaces, becomes [as a fellow-diver put it] 'the center of a sphere bounded by the limits of his vision.' Free of gravity, he can move freely in three dimensions. Only the reassuring roughness of the descent line in his hands and the graceful plumes of bubbles from the men below give him spatial reference.

"The metallic gasping of his air regulator echoes in his ears. The luminous dial of his depth indicator reads 100 feet, then 130, then 150. The sound of his regulator grows shrill under the mounting pressure and his air bubbles tinkle like small glass balls. His watch shows him that he is 45 seconds down. And now his probing eyes sight a vague white expanse. He leaves the descent line, angles down to the wreck and takes hold of her. . . .

"The ship seems immense, resembling a sunken city rather than a vehicle. She is forbidding and austere. But she is also pathetic and full of a loneliness that chills the diver's heart. ('She's not pretty any more. It's sad to see her.') Her ports are clean and unbroken, their brass rims bright, but they are dark and lifeless. Behind them, in the glare of the diver's light, drowned curtains and mattresses and elegant furniture float in strange suspension.

"Above all, the terrible incongruity of her situation strikes the diver's senses. Perfect (to his eyes), unscarred, seemingly impregnable, still equipped with every appearance of her impressive calling, this vast, intricate, luxurious human habitation lies empty and abandoned outside the world of men."

The divers went wherever they could in the little time allowed them. Some worked along the boat deck; others examined the flying bridge. One man left his partner briefly to enter the swimming pools and so reached the mid-line of the ship, 220 feet down. Others swam through the dim, discolored water of the interiors.

"There are documents and charts upon which the ink is still fresh and clear. There are delicate fabrics which show neither stain nor tear. Shoes retain form and color, and even their shine. Metal trinkets glitter as before."

But men may never look again at these human things at the bottom of the sea. The brief visits are ended, and they are so costly and dangerous that there may be no more. The sea change, MacLeish says, has begun: "Silt will gradually fill the lower portions of the hull and, as currents undercut the sandy bottom beneath her, the ship will shift and settle deeper and deeper into the ocean floor. . . ."



ZIP!

He buried the javelin through the air:
So mighty was his lob
It fell and pierced a relay team
Like so much stish kebabs

—WALTER BINGHAM

THE FRONT RUNNER

**The controversial success story of
Jockey Willie Hartack—a revealing
portrait by the able correspondent
of the turf's 'Daily Racing Form'**

by **JOE HIRSCH**

WILLIE HARTACK had won the first race and all the way back to the riders' quarters behind the paddock at Chicago's Washington Park had kept up a lively tattoo of wisecracks with the valets and the other jockeys who trudged beside him. Twenty-five minutes later it was a different boy who slammed the door to the riders' room behind him and scowled his way to his locker. He had just been beaten on an odds-on favorite and didn't care for it a single bit.

A newspaper photographer walked up to him as he began to peel off his silks, asked him to keep them on for a moment.

"No pictures," Willie barked.

"Give the guy a break, Bill," a veteran rider and close friend called from across the room.

"Mind your own business," Hartack stormed back and stalked off, minus his silks, in the direction of a nearby ping-pong table.

This Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hartack performance is not entirely unfamiliar to Willie's friends and colleagues. Nor should one jump to the conclusion that Bill is a sore loser. It's simply that it is doubtful if there has ever been another athlete in any sport who hates to be beaten as much as this 22-year-old Pennsylvanian who was our national riding champion last year with 417 victories and who gives every promise of succeeding Eddie Arcaro as America's premier jockey when The Master gets ready to hang up his tack.

Like Ty Cobb, who wanted to win all the ball games, the colorful, dashing Hartack wants to win all the races and actually feels bad when he doesn't. It is this intense desire to win that makes him a standout among our younger riders and frequently a problem to his intimates. Off the race track Billy can outcharm a head waiter with a heavy tipper in tow. When he feels he should have won a race, or if a horse runs poorly for

continued on next page





WITH WILLIE SHOEMAKER, HIS CLOSEST RIVAL FOR 13th RIDING HONORS, HARTACK GOES OVER PERFORMANCE CHARTS BEFORE RAY'S CARD

HARTACK

continued from page 25

him, he's a tough guy to live with.

Hartack is a remarkably complex person, shaped by his environment, his upbringing, his profession and his meteoric success. And what success it's been! No rider in modern times, not even the amazing Willie Shoemaker, who in seven years of campaigning has blazed his way to seventh ranking on the alltime jockey list, has averaged more wins per season than Hartack, who has never had a serious slump.

Consider this record: in 1953, his first full season, Hartack won a phenomenal 350 races. The following year he won 323, and last year he added another 417 to give him 1,090 victories or an average of 363 a year. At that rate, in seven seasons he will have had 2,541 winners or some 200 more than Shoemaker's 2,351. As of Labor Day Hartack had already accounted for over 250 winners this year and seems a cinch to equal or surpass his average by the end of the season. Incidentally, he is one of only two boys to ride 400 winners in a year; Shoemaker holds the record with 485.

On April 25, 1955 at Laurel Race Course in Maryland, Hartack rode six winners out of seven mounts and went six for eight again at Laurel last November 5. He has ridden five winners in one afternoon on countless occasions, and this summer at Arlington Park in Chicago he registered 75 victories in 30 days of competition. He has never faltered since he rode his first winner, Nickleby, on October 14, 1952 at Waterford Park in West Virginia, three days after he accepted his first mount. Even when, one year later, he lost his "bug," the five-pound apprentice allowance which often separates the men from the boys, he continued to grind out winners in a fashion unmatched in American turf history.

What makes Willie run? There is no single answer: it's a combination of many things. Take, for instance, the preparation for his career. When Hartack was still an exercise boy, shortly after his 19th birthday, he spent the winter of 1951-52 at Tropical Park in Miami, galloping horses for Virginia McKenney. She had a sizable stable, but the horses were mostly platers, moderate-priced horses of every kind and description.

"Some were heavy-headed," Willie recalls, "and you had to keep yanking on them while you were riding. Some lugged in to the rail, others bore out, some bucked, others wheeled. Almost all had some trait I had to cope with, traits which I've come across many hundreds of times since." It was the most liberal kind of education a boy could receive in the art of horsemanship with cheap stock, the kind of mount a jockey handles in the average claiming race. There is quite a difference between the characteristics and mannerisms of a good horse and a cheap horse. Many of our younger riders, who have been rushed into the saddle before they were ready because it has become too expensive to take the time to train them properly, are not equipped to handle the many minor emergencies that constantly arise during the running of a race. Chance kept Hartack on the ground until he was ready.

In working the McKenney horses in Florida Hartack also broke from the gate hundreds of times. He took advantage of every opportunity to learn something about the difficult art of getting away from the barrier. He

would try a short hold on the reins, he would try a long hold, always testing, always probing. It was not with the idea of becoming a race rider, either. Hartack admits that he gave little thought to the idea at the time. It was done simply because whatever this boy does he wants to do well. Perfection is a fetish with him, and he wanted to be the best exercise boy on the track.

GANGBUSTER

In the course of his constant work from the gate Hartack discovered something, a formula which he guards closely and which enables him to break on top in most cases even with a horse of inferior quality, an advantage which gives him an important choice of positions on the track from which he can launch his next move. It also has helped to shape his style. Willie is what is known in racing as a gangbuster. He likes to run in front all the way. In this respect, he is in contrast with Shoemaker, who likes to hang back and wait as long as possible with a horse.

Hartack reasons this way: If you're out in front you're usually out of trouble, which is one of a rider's most important responsibilities. In addition he says: "The only thing you can do with most cheap horses is to scuffle all the way and just keep after them any way you can. The second you try to rate them [take them back off the pace] or use a little judgment or any of the things that make a good, intelligent ride of the kind that you can put up on a good horse, they'll spit out the bit." It is this penchant for merely letting horses run which many veteran trainers feel is a major factor in Hartack's success.

Hartack has an active, inquiring mind. He asks a lot of questions, studies the film patrol pictures of races with unusual thoroughness and spots flaws not only in his own technique but that of his opponents. He spots traits of horses, too, in the films and is quick to capitalize on whatever he sees. The pictures often help him to select one mount over another, and he is right more often than he is wrong as his record proves.

He is an avid reader, too, unlike most of his colleagues, and here again he is all business. He spends little time on light matter, pores over trade journals with remarkable thoroughness, and his retentiveness is matched only by his voracity. He is a walking encyclopedia about horses he has ridden or raced against ever since he accepted his first

mount. Each evening, wherever he is riding—in Maryland, Florida, Chicago or New Jersey—he will check recent charts and past performances in *The Daily Racing Form* for hours, discussing salient features with his astute agent, 29-year-old Chick Lang. It is from such data that he learns more about which horse is inclined to be through early, which will go on, which has been bothered in a previous race, and which has no excuse. No surgeon pores over X-rays and clinical histories before an operation with more thoroughness than Hartack does with his information before the next day's work. It is information available to all. Few bother to use it to maximum advantage as does Hartack.

Bill's strength cannot be underestimated either. Of sturdy, Slavic-American stock, he is a bit taller than the average rider at 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs only 112 pounds, yet has powerful arms and legs. Lang observes that he has won many a wrestling match with much heavier men, a fact which the writer can substantiate from personal experience. The layman may not regard race riding as an athletic sport in the sense that football or baseball is, but for a light boy to control a speeding, 1,000-pound package of Thoroughbred horseflesh is no simple task and real fitness is required.

Hartack is also hyperactive, almost a thyroid case. He never sits when he can stand, never walks when he can run, and he can do without food or

sleep for amazing periods of time. He wants to ride the complete card, be it eight or nine races, and argues loud and long with Lang when he is forced to sit in the dressing room for even a single race. The 1,702 mounts he handled last year set a new American record, yet before and between races he will play a strenuous game of ping-pong with anyone he can find for an opponent, and after the races will kick a football around or play softball (first base) in the two-night league that many race tracks set up for riders and employees during the summer months. And, just as with the races, he wants to win these ball games badly and is the picture of concentration in the field or at bat. There are several sports he has nothing to do with simply because he isn't as proficient in them as he thinks he should be, and when Hartack makes up his mind nothing can change it.

Still another feature of the Hartack system of producing winners involves the warmup before each race. Many riders are content merely to parade to the post but, as many horsemen have pointed out, when Willie warms up a horse it's almost the equivalent of a workout. When Hartack's mount approaches the gate he has worked up a good sweat and is loose and limber and ready to run. Hartack also uses the warmup for experimentation and further fact-finding. Some horses are soremouthed and shy from a tug on the reins; others run best with their heads

continued on next page



JOCKS' ROOM SCENE finds a solemn-faced Hartack getting the usual assistance from his valet as he goes through one of many changes which he makes during any race day.



EDDIE ARCARO: THE MASTER TO EVERYONE



CONN MCCREARY: DAZZLING STRETCH RIDER



TED ATKINSON: THE SLASHER FROM TORONTO

held high; still others have peculiarities of gait and stride and habit which only an alert boy will discover.

Hartack is a superior whip rider. He'll teach a horse to respect his stick during the warmup and has the additional advantage of being a natural lefty. Horses are, for the most part, accustomed to severe sticking from the right side, and the surprise of a sharp rap on the port flanks frequently accomplishes wonders in getting that little extra out of them that wins races. In addition many horses lug in, that is, veer toward the inside rail during the running of a race. A hard, left-handed whipper will bring them out to a straight, true course and incidentally save himself from many suspensions caused by bothering competitors along the inside where most of the action takes place. On the other hand, sticking left-handed presents certain problems, particularly through the stretch where the whip hand is obscured from view of the stands. Many trainers have indignantly asked Hartack why he didn't go to the whip as ordered, and Bill has to show them the welts that his stick left before they believe him.

The trade knows Hartack as a busy, intelligent rider. Watch him during the running of a race. He will scrub on one side of a mount, switch to the other side immediately if he feels he is not getting the proper response. He will stick on the legs, on the flanks, on the withers, peppering his shots to keep a horse going. Occasionally, when he has a lot of horse in hand, he will whirl his stick in a rapid arc. Riders behind him are frequently deceived into believing that he is calling on his mount and has nothing left for the drive. They come up to challenge, squandering their reserve prematurely, only to see Hartack let loose a notch on his reins and draw away again.

Courage is another vital requisite of a top rider, and patrol judges around the nation observe that Hartack has the heart of a lion. He will come through narrow openings on the rail time and again to save valuable ground, risking serious injury, intent on only one thing—winning the race. Hartack's single-mindedness carries over into whatever he does. When he plays baseball, when he plays cards, when he reads the paper—that's the most important thing in the world for him at that moment, and he resents distraction. Trainers have thrown him up on a horse who is starting for the first time that

season and cautioned him, "Don't abuse this colt. If you can win it, go ahead, but don't kill him." Billy has told them all the same thing: "You've got the wrong boy, Mister, if you expect me to take it easy. I just hope you have him fit to run." And the word has gone around that Hartack is death on a short horse. But it is his tremendous desire and pride in performance that makes Hartack the great rider that he is, that has tinted his personality into sharply contrasting blacks and whites.

FAMILY TRAGEDY

As a youngster he and his family had no easy time of it. Billy's father was a coal miner, and the Hartacks made their home in a small house in Black Lick, Pa., not far from Johnstown. His mother died in a tragic accident when a truck parked on the side of a steep hill broke loose without warning and crashed into a car carrying his parents and his younger sister, Maxine. All were injured, none but the mother fatally. So Hartack's father, William Sr., was burdened with the task of raising the family. He changed to the night shift so that he could be with the children (there is an older sister, too) during the day and get them off to school on time. The father, a small, wiry, athletic man who came from the old country as a boy, was a strict disciplinarian, still watches over Bill carefully whenever his son visits at home in Charles Town, W. Va. Bill is called Sonny around the house, incidentally, and hardly revels in the juvenile nickname.

An excellent student in school, Bill rarely ever brought a book home, as his father recalls, yet had a retentive mind and graduated from Black Lick Township High School as valedictorian of his class. Always a small boy, he never participated much in sports but was very interested in music and made the all-county band as a drummer on a number of occasions. When he was 18 he tried to enlist in the Navy but was turned down because of his weight. It was one of the luckiest breaks of his life. A friend of the family, Andy Bruno, whose father worked in the mines with the amaro Hartack, was a jockey's agent and eventually persuaded Bill's father to let him take the boy to the race track where money was to be made. Bill saw his first race at the small track at Charles Town, began by walking hota (cooling horses after exercise) for Norman (Junie)

Corbin, a young horseman who made the West Virginia and Ohio circuits.

Corbin, a tall, easygoing sort, hit it off with Bill from the start. After a period of apprenticeship around the barn Bill began to exercise horses and naturally made mistakes. Yet Junie never criticized him openly or told him in specific terms what to do. He suggested certain techniques but left Bill largely to his own devices, and the intelligent boy would rarely repeat an error.

With the 1951 winter of experience with the McKenney horses behind him Billy went back with Corbin that spring and was ready when he got up for the first time at Waterford Park on October 11, 1952, just two months shy of his 20th birthday. He rode 36 winners out of 172 mounts that fall for an excellent percentage of .21 (.20 or more is considered good) and hasn't been stopped since. He was the sensation of the half-mile tracks in the eastern U.S. in 1953, rode some 80 winners during the fall meeting at Waterford Park.

Usually when a rider loses his five-pound allowance, as Hartack did on October 14 (a year from the day he rode his first winner), he tends to slow down, and the heavy play goes to another rider or hot bug boy at the meeting. Here was another break for Billy, because he was about the only one doing well at the Waterford Park session, and he continued to get the live mounts. Without the horses even an Arcaro can't win.

Billy rode on a mile track for the first time when he went to Bowie in Maryland in the fall of 1954 and, shortly after, Corbin, who needed the money, sold Hartack's contract to Ada L. Rice of Chicago for \$15,000. With the powerful Rice Stable he came under the influence of the conscientious young trainer, Tom Kelly, who took to him just as Corbin did. He remained under contract to Mrs. Rice until the fall of last year, scoring his first notable stakes successes with that sportsman's fine handiicap star, Pet Bull. Since last October Hartack has been free-lancing, though Calumet has had first call on his services both in Florida last winter and in Chicago this summer. Hartack doubts if he'll ever sign another contract, prefers the choice of selection as a free agent.

It is only in the last year or two that Hartack has made big money. Riding at the smaller tracks, a jockey can win a lot of races and only do moderately well because the purses are smaller and there are no \$100,000 stakes. In 1955 Hartack's mounts earned \$1,695,054.

This year he has already accounted for three \$100,000 races (the Gulfstream Park Handicap and Campbell Memorial with Brookmeade's ill-fated Sailor and the Preakness with Fabius), his mounts have piled up more than \$1,500,000 through Labor Day and he is threatening Shoemaker's alltime mark of \$1,876,760, set in 1954. It is estimated that Hartack will take home over \$200,000 this year (before taxes) which isn't a bad income for a 23-year-old boy who was hustling cigarets just a few years ago.

Billy watches his money carefully, bought a 175-acre farm at Charles Town which his father manages, remodeled and furnished a home on the farm and hopes to board horses there in the near future. He owns a Cadillac, a Jaguar and bought a Buick for his father, operates a speedboat, recently purchased a home in Miami and has made a number of sound investments for the future in stocks and annuities. Yet he estimates that it will take 10 more good years in the saddle before he is comfortably fixed.

A LOYAL FRIEND

Gregarious by nature, Hartack usually travels with a crowd of friends. His closest companion is Charley Canfield, a Charles Town boy who has been with him since he started along the half-mile circuit of West Virginia. Bill is extremely loyal by nature, will go to extremes for those he likes. When Corbin was in trouble once at Charles Town a local official promised to help him and failed to live up to his word. Hartack caught up with him in a restaurant, told him off before a crowd of horsemen and agents, could have been suspended indefinitely for his action. More recently, a trainer who aided him during the early stages of his career has had some difficulty with an owner; Hartack told him that if he ever decided to go off on his own he'd provide the financial assistance necessary. He has helped many other hard-luck cases wherever he has gone.

Hartack loves to gamble, particularly when vacationing or off on a spree, and is a whiz at gin rummy and with the dice, though he absolutely refuses to bet on the horses. In Cuba this winter when he rode at the opening of Oriental Park he bucked every gaming table in Havana and enjoyed himself thoroughly. This spring, on the eve of his first Kentucky Derby (he finished second to Needles with Fabius), he was invited to a party for newspapermen, wound up the evening by cleaning out

continued on next page



ERIC CUERIN: HIT TOP WITH NATIVE DANCER



JOHNNY LONGDEN: MOST WINNERS IN HISTORY



BILL BOLAND: ALREADY REGARDED AS GREAT

adventurous members of the fourth estate in a crap game at the Kentucky hotel.

His eating habits are weird. He loves soft drinks and his icebox, wherever he is living, is loaded with a generous supply. He stows away prodigious quantities of potato chips, pretzels and peanuts, thinks nothing of eating a quart of ice cream and topping this off with half a bottle of dill pickles—a mixture which would just about kill most of us. Yet he can also do justice to a full course steak dinner. His weight doesn't vary much from the 112-pound mark, and though he has to hit the steam room occasionally he could probably avoid it by watching his diet. He neither smokes nor drinks, gave up cigarettes when people got tired of giving them to him gratis during the days when he was broke and living off Corbin's generosity.

He sleeps like a log, is impossible to awaken either with alarm clock or telephone and responds only to a violent shaking. He's an active socially as he is on the race track. He dates furiously,

receives hundreds of letters from female admirers throughout the U.S. and even from some foreign countries. Bill is a good-looking boy and has received informal offers of Hollywood screen tests.

Hartack still retains a love for music, carries a phonograph and a load of popular records from track to track and is one of the more professional actors in the Jockeys' Guild shows in New York and Chicago each year. A highly articulate boy—unusual for jockeys—he appeared on a network television show this spring in which the commentator asked him for a running description of the Kentucky Derby to accompany films of the race. After reviewing the pictures once, Hartack gave a perfect commentary on the race, fitting his remarks to the film as it progressed and amazing veteran radio and television people who were at the controls. Hartack has an idea that he might like to pursue this as a career when he is finished with riding.

Has success spoiled Willie Hartack? Not in the sense of giving the boy a swelled head; Bill is breezy but not cocky. However, he does indulge himself in the vilest of black moods dur-

ing which he refuses to speak to close friends, seowls and glowers at almost everyone and is generally a trial to his intimates and particularly to his agent, Lang. It is hard to say how many times Larry MacPhail fired Leo Durocher when both were with the Dodgers, but Hartack must be approaching the record in his relationship with the affable Lang, who is known as one of the outstanding members of his profession. Bill feels his position as one of America's leading riders quite keenly, hates to give a bad performance or be beaten on a favorite. Since nearly everything he rides is heavily supported the pressure is tremendous, and occasionally he'll give vent to his feelings by sulking. However, when things are going right he is full of natural charm, discusses things intimately and frankly with even casual acquaintances.

This is no simple boy, this Hartack. He hasn't fully learned to accept all the many obligations of success as yet, but then Arcaro, too, was a renowned wild one in his youth and has matured into quite a man, respected wherever there is racing in this country. Hartack is the Arcaro of tomorrow, and tomorrow is almost today. (KND)

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT WILLIE

WILLIE SHOEMAKER: "That boy has a lot of ability. A real good rider, he seems to have the knack of making just about every horse he rides give out with all the run that's in him—maybe it's a knack he was born with. Another thing, you've got to be impressed by the way he can keep a horse's mind on his work. He's a smart hand at keeping his mounts out of trouble, too, and at rating a horse—waiting for the right moment to start his move and saving something for the clubhouse, like they say in baseball. But maybe what would stand out most to many race-trackers about Hartack is his aggressiveness. He sure has the spirit for race riding, and I reckon it would be the same in any game he might take up. Aggressiveness and determination—and how

he hates to lose! That hating to lose, I suppose, is as big a reason as any why he's one of the winningest jockeys that's come along in a long, long time. But if you didn't know anything else about him, all you'd have to do would be to look at the record to find out how awfully good he must be. His record can talk for him better than I can."

EDDIE ARCARO: "Hartack is a strong boy with a quick, good mind. One of the reasons he wins is because he has terrific determination. He makes horses run that other riders can't make run."

ERIC GUERIN: "He's a hard rider who has a feel for his

horse and gets the most run out of him. He's got to be good because he does it all year round. You can't say he's lucky because he keeps on winning."

TED ATKINSON: "He is indefatigable as a rider. He is one of the busiest riders on a horse I've ever seen. A horse never rests under him. It works for him, but not for me." HERLEY WOODHOUSE: "He's got youth on his side. He's always driving. He wins on favorites, long shots and everything. He must have a feel for it. One thing about him—he's always pumping or doing something. He's a hustling rider who hits 'em occasionally and keeps 'em driving. He hits good and probably doesn't overdo it."

TRAINER MAX HIRSCH: "There must be something about his hands that make horses run for him. He doesn't look like a great horse man, but he has a mechanical gift that seems to work. Whether it'll last or not, I don't know, but I think he may have a weight problem one of these days."

TRAINER PRESTON BURCH: "He may not look well on a horse, but he must have magic in his hands. The way he seems to tame a horse reminds me of what they used to say about the great Tod Sloan. Sloan had a magnetic appeal for any animal he was ever near. Once a cat with a reputation for biting jumped into Sloan's lap, curled up and purred. I wouldn't be surprised if Hartack was the same way."

AN ASTOUNDING RECORD

Months	Wins	Second	Third
5,979	1,398	1,010	821

Above is Hartack's lifetime achievement to date. He has 272 wins in 1966, just one less than his closest rival, Willie Shoemaker. Because Hartack plans to race in November, he may lose out to Shoemaker.

STETSON

First choice of the man on the way up



Spectator Sports!

This Fall the usual hat comes into its own, and high time, too! Correct for either town or country, and worn for its swagger, its comfort, its *dégage* air. You'll find just the Stetson Spectator to express your personality and please your color fancy. Stop in soon. Other Stetson Hats from \$10.95 to \$100. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

THE RAILBIRD (upper)

A silk-and-fur Spectator, soft and supple, rollable and packable for travel. Likes both sun and rain. Shown with matching felt band.

\$10.95

THE OLYMPIAD (middle)

This is a newly fashioned Spectator, low-crowned, sleek, extra-soft, and adorned with an iridescent feather lei band. Smart choice for the leisure look.

\$15.00

THE MELBOURNE (lower)

Still another star in the constellation of Stetson Spectators. Exceptionally soft, with the exclusive Mellapale finish. Harmonizing band of rugged tweed.

\$15.00



DAY'S END...GOOD FRIENDS...AND

EARLY TIMES

This remarkably good whisky is affectionately regarded all over the country. As a matter of fact, in Kentucky, where the world's finest whiskies are made, Kentuckians themselves overwhelmingly choose Early Times over all other straight whiskies.

Do you know of any other bourbon with a recommendation this good?



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FISHING AND HUNTING IN AMERICA: A NATIONAL SURVEY



ANYONE who has dodged bullets and dry flies in the forests and by the waters of America knows full well that a seasonal army is annually abroad in this country in search of fish and game. But just how many? Where do they come from and who are they? And how much money and time do they spend in the crowded wilderness? Now for the first time an impartial study employing modern sampling

methods has been released, which answers these questions. At the direction of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Crossley, S-D Surveys, Inc. of New York sent field workers into some 20,000 homes, where they interviewed 6,320 individuals from 12 years of age and up who fished in 1955 and 8,108 who hunted. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents highlights of their results below and on the following pages.

A SPORTING ARMY OF 24,917,000 INDIVIDUALS TOOK TO THE WOODS AND WATERS OF AMERICA IN 1955



13,135,000

4,104,000

BOTH: 7,680,000



GEOGRAPHICAL BREAKDOWN OF HUNTERS AND FISHERMEN

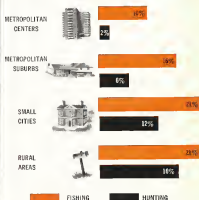


FISHING



HUNTING

BREAKDOWN BY POPULATION DENSITY GROUPINGS



FISHING

HUNTING

FISHING

NUMBER OF FISHERMEN

20,813,000

SALT WATER

MEN: 12,938,000

WOMEN: 4,689,000



4,557,000

FRESH WATER



18,420,000



In addition to the number of men and women 18 years of age and older, 3,386,000 minors also fished during 1955

TOTAL EXPENDITURES

\$1,914,292,000

\$92

PER
PERSON

SALT WATER

FRESH WATER



An average outlay of
\$107.29 per person
\$468,939,000



An average outlay
of \$77.38 per person
\$1,425,353,000

HUNTING

NUMBER OF HUNTERS

11,784,000

BIG GAME

MEN: 9,675,000

WOMEN: 418,000



4,414,000

SMALL GAME



9,822,000

WATERFOWL



1,986,000



In addition to the number of men and women 18 years of age and older, 1,931,000 minors also hunted during 1955

TOTAL EXPENDITURES

\$936,687,000

\$79

PER
PERSON

BIG GAME

SMALL GAME



An average outlay of
\$73.39 per person
\$323,909,000



An average outlay
of \$30.30 per person
\$484,993,000

TRAVEL

FISHERMEN



SALT WATER

FRESH WATER

TOTAL

1.2 billion miles

6.5 billion miles

7.7 BILLION MILES

HUNTERS



BIG GAME

SMALL GAME

WATERFOWL

TOTAL

1 billion miles

1.4 billion miles

.3 billion miles

2.7 BILLION MILES

GRAND TOTAL: 10.4 BILLION MILES

WHAT THE EQUIPMENT COST



SPECIFIC

Tackle, rods, reels, creels, nets, etc.

\$243,626,000



GENERAL

Clothing, sleeping bags, tents, etc.

\$550,337,000

TRIPS AND OTHER EXPENSES

FOOD



\$106,101,000

LOGGING



\$73,080,000

AUTOMOBILE TRANSPORTATION



Including gas, oil and maintenance
\$271,827,000

OTHER EXPENSES



Magazines, dues, etc.



Leases and privileges



License fees
\$72,921,000

WHAT THE EQUIPMENT COST



SPECIFIC

Rifles, ammunition, decoys, etc.

\$350,968,000



GENERAL

Clothing, sleeping bags, tents, etc.

\$137,671,000

TRIPS AND OTHER EXPENSES

FOOD



\$38,486,000

LOGGING



\$15,871,000

AUTOMOBILE TRANSPORTATION



Including gas, oil and maintenance
\$93,972,000

OTHER EXPENSES



Magazines, dues, etc.



Dogs



Leases and privileges



Duck stamps



License fees
\$196,972,000

MISCELLANEOUS DATA

- The survey showed that 33.6% of all fishermen and 20.7% of all hunters took trips of more than one day. The typical fisherman traveled 319 miles, and the typical hunter 205 miles.
- Of the estimated 48,289,000 households in the U.S., 15,846,000 had either a hunter or fisherman or both. Bearing in mind that many persons engaged in both sports, it was found that one of every three households had at least one hunter or fisherman, one of every four had at least one fisherman and one of every five had at least one hunter.
- A total of 566,870,000 man-days was spent in hunting and fishing, of which 397,447,000 were spent in fishing and 169,423,000 in hunting.

BREAKDOWN BY AGE GROUPS



HUNTING BIG GAME IN AMERICA

The forests and mountains of the U.S. have their own version of the prey which brings the hunter his supreme thrill. Here, in words, color pictures and area maps, is a preview of what awaits the sportsman in the 1956 season

by REGINALD WELLS

The sporting goods store operated by Charles Swifin was broken into and 24 guns were taken.

—Entry in Sacramento police blotter last week

THE ABOVE ITEM, as far as motive was concerned, posed no great mystery to Sacramento's police force. Unmistakably, fresh hunting sign was showing up all over the place as 6 million hunters got ready for what should be the best big-game season in decades. Nearly all of the country's top big-game animals, most of them pictured in color on the following pages, have shown population increases in the past year, and seasons and bag limits are being increased on some to harvest the surplus crop.

Thanks to scientific management and the courage of those enlightened hunters who, for the sake of improving the herds, could last year bring themselves to shoot does, where legal, as well as bucks, the nation's No. 1 big-game animal, the deer, this year is coursing its nationwide range in healthier and bigger numbers than ever before. And a record-breaking number of hunters—most of whom haven't had a gun in their hands since last year—are out after them as seasons open across the nation.

Next to deer, the feet-footed antelope will entice the greatest number of hunters, and by season's end 80,000 pronghorns will have been killed. Elk, with an expected kill of 52,000, is the hunter's third choice; then bear (24,000), javelina (8,000), boar (3,200), moose (900), mountain goat (300), mountain sheep (250) and buffalo (40).

And approximately 1,175 hunters will also be dead.

For the greatest danger the hunter faces is himself. A day's hunting on public lands near any big city was recently likened by one sportsman to the first 48 hours on the beaches of Dunkirk. "Going into the woods on opening day," he added, "is like dealing yourself in on a concealed game of Russian roulette."

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Bakersfield correspondent, Duane Spilsbury, reported from California: "Opening day at dawn on Saturday (Aug. 4) gave promise of a roaring season to come. Ten thousand hunters crowded through a check station at Frazier Mountain Park in the Tehachapi Range in a period of 48 hours. By Sunday night 155 bucks had been killed, one hunter had shot himself in the foot, a \$13,500 forest fire was burning briskly, 50 citations for illegal fires had been handed out, another six had been given for illegal discharge of firearms within a quarter mile of campgrounds and roads. Theoretically, the 10,000 hunters were spread out over an area of 200,000 acres. Actually the hunters followed the ridgetops and canyons, cross firing enthusiastically at each other over the deer caught between."

Considering the amount of deadly ammunition which cannonades through the woods during any hunting season, remarkably few fatalities occur while hunting—less than while swimming, in fact. But as the number of hunters grows, so do the hunting accidents. The biggest hazard, as usual, is the hunter suffering from "buck fever"—that old hunting malady which can turn the most calm and placid citizen into a trigger-happy gunman the instant he steps into deer country with a gun. When this happens, nothing—that moves (and a lot of things that don't) is safe.

On opening day in the Los Padres National Forest this year, one eager hunter shot and killed a horse within a 100-yard range. Pot shots have been taken at pack horses carrying slain deer out of the woods; cattle—even such underlike varieties as Holstein dairy cows—have been particularly vulnerable, and Kern County Sheriff Leroy Galyen has seen empty handed and frustrated hunters actually shoot beef steer and make off with the hind quarters in lieu of venison. It is also a matter of record that a hunter in the Angeles National Forest carefully tied his horse to a

text continued on page 45



THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT

This shaggy white hunchback of the antelope family lives a solitary and sure-footed life on treacherous mountain cliffs and inaccessible peaks which make it a hard-to-stalk but highly prized big-game trophy.





THE ELK

Also called American wapiti, this magnificently antlered resident of high timber once ranged most of the U.S. but is now found only in Rocky Mountain region and West.



THE BLACK BEAR

Known in the West as the cinnamon, and abundant in most states, this is the bear most likely to be taken by hunters. Not as highly prized as the bigger grizzly and Kodiak, it nonetheless makes a fine trophy.

THE MOOSE

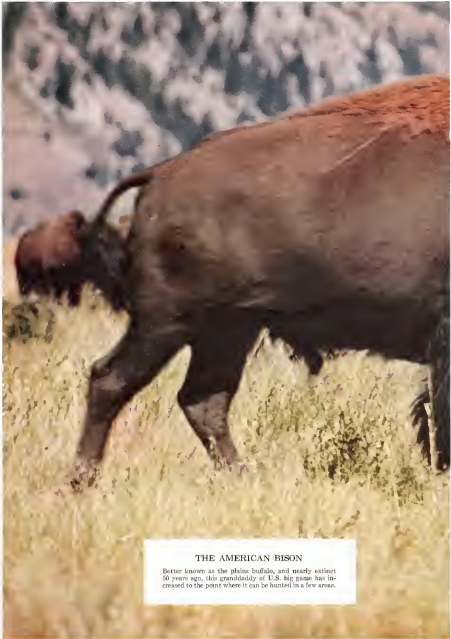
Thought by some hunters to be the ugliest and most mournful of big-game animals, this 1,000-pound trophy usually carries a beautiful rack of antlers which alone can weigh up to 60 pounds.



THE WHITETAIL DEER

This species alone has 8 million representatives in the U.S. today, and it can be hunted in 42 of the 48 states, making it the most eagerly sought-after big-game animal in the country.



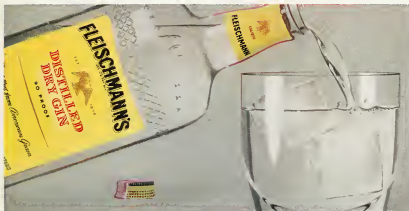


THE AMERICAN BISON

Better known as the plains buffalo, and nearly extinct 50 years ago, this granddaddy of U.S. big game has increased to the point where it can be hunted in a few areas.



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BIG GAME IN AMERICA

continued from page 36

tree, circled quietly around a mountain and seeing something move in the distance joyously shot—his own horse.

To the increasing danger of more and more hunters using the diminishing range, a frightening fact has now been added. It is known that, of the total population of the U.S., roughly eight percent is color blind in varying degree. With this in mind, the Fish and Game Department of California considered its figures of 650,000 hunters and came to a deadly conclusion: some 50,000 men without normal color perception are abroad in the fields and forests of the state with loaded guns in their hands. Under these circumstances, what good is a bright red, protective coloring?

Working with the National Rifle Association and the California Optometric Association, the California officials conducted field tests with both color-blind subjects and those with normal vision. They found that red is definitely a *unsafe* color for hunters. The best color for hunting caps and jackets is lemon yellow. But whether this conclusion will stand the test of acceptance by the hunters remains to be seen. A stubborn lot, they are not quick to change what they believe to be traditionally right—whatever science says.

Perhaps the biggest hunting controversy in the country remains the question of shooting doe deer. Right now the pros and cons of this question are being hotly argued in California, which has opened a season on does for the first time. Sides are sharply drawn between young and old hunters. Oldtimers oppose shooting females "on principle." Young hunters shrug and say "meat is meat." Though biologists tell them that shooting the does is the best thing that could happen to the herds, few hunters can bring themselves to do it. "You would think we were asking them to shoot Bambi's mother," complained one biologist ruefully.

Two new trends have emerged from the increased hunting pressure. Perhaps the biggest trend is toward bow and arrow hunting. Special early seasons, when the deer are not yet panicked by the crackle of constant gunfire, plus the added safety factor that a hunter has to get pretty close to what he is shooting at to be able to kill it, are drawing thousands of former gun hunters to the weapon of Robin Hood.

The other new trend which is gaining popularity with each season is wilderness hunting. Hunters who can afford

it are flying by plane into safer and better country for their sport. Last season, on opening day in the middle Sierras, 60 private planes were parked on a mountain meadow landing strip. The charter business is booming, too, and in a day-and-a-half period one pilot flew more than 150 hunters into the backwoods.

One of the places to which overcrowded hunters are fleeing is the bountiful hunting state of Colorado. Boasting the most liberal big-game season in the nation, it draws more nonresident hunters than any other. The good



TRUMPHANT BOWMAN, Joe Chapman of Waverly, Ky., picks out his deer trophy.

news for them this year is that the upcoming season will be better than 1955 when 70,000 deer were killed, and the total bag included 7,000 elk, 3,000 antelope, 500 bear and 43 bighorn sheep.

Led by hunters from Texas, Kansas and California, these nonresidents gladly fork out \$40 and \$50 for deer and elk permits respectively for the privilege of an almost certain kill. The hunting success ratio in Colorado for all hunters is a high 63% to 70%.

Elsewhere around the country hunting prospects couldn't be better. In Wisconsin 300,000 hunters will turn out to try for whitetail buck deer during their nine-day gun season Nov. 17 through Nov. 26, and this year the usual forked-horn buck season is being

liberalized to allow hunters to shoot spike-horn bucks.

For bow and arrow hunters Wisconsin will have, in addition to the gun season, two archery seasons. The limit will be one deer, any age, either sex, and about 25,000 archers are expected to take advantage of the statewide season from Sept. 22 to Nov. 11. In southern counties a second season from Dec. 15 to Jan. 13 will be open. Last year, 1,130 deer were killed by archers in Wisconsin.

Pennsylvania, another of the country's top big-game hunting areas, has inaugurated a "farm game project" to alleviate its extremely heavy hunting pressure. Under the plan devised by the game department approximately 10,290 farms, covering 1,040,000 acres, have been opened up to hunters in a mutual pact which permits hunting on the land in return for strict observance of signs marking "safety zones" around pastures and buildings. Farmers cooperating in the plan are also supplied with shrubs, trees and advice on game management by the Pennsylvania Game Commission. Most big-game hunting in Pennsylvania is for deer and bear, and seasons for them this year will be Oct. 1-19 (archery) and Dec. 3-15.

Top topic in Michigan, which has the largest number of licensed hunters in the country, is its special two-day season, resuming this year, on antlerless deer. About 40,000 bucks will be taken in the state during the regular 16-day season from Nov. 15 through Nov. 30. The bear season will run concurrently except for a special season which opened Sept. 1 on the upper peninsula, during which bears may be hunted with dogs. In Michigan, too, archery is booming, and 40,000 bow and arrow hunters are expected to show up for their special season Oct. 1-Nov. 5.

New York State hunters will also get a chance at antlerless deer again this year during a special one-day season which has been extended to all of 24 counties and parts of five others. Regular hunting prospects, says Chester Griffith, assistant District Game Protector, "are better than they have ever been."

The same can be said for nearly every hunting state in the country. Hunters just haven't had it so good in years. All they have to do is to watch out for each other. (END)

TURN THE PAGE FOR AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE REPORT ON THE NATION'S TOP
BIG-GAME ANIMALS AND A STATE-BY-STATE GUIDE ON WHERE TO HUNT THEM

AMERICA'S BIG GAME FAVORITES

A preseason report from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's outdoor correspondents
on where and how to find the nation's top big game hunting trophies

HUNTING PROSPECTS for America's favorite and most abundant big game—deer—have never been better. There are now more than 12 million roaming the U.S. and by season's end an estimated one and three-quarter million will have fallen to hunter's guns. The whitetail, hunted in 43 of the 48 states, continues the nation's top big-game animal. Rhode Island, for the first time in many years, opens a deer season this year, but limits it to archery only.



DEER



Kentucky, which last year had a similar archery season, reports such increases that this year firearms will be permitted. In all states, with the exception of Minnesota, populations are either up or the same as last year's record levels. Virginia reports more deer now than when Captain John Smith settled Jamestown, and Maryland, which had only three small herds in 1830, now has so many deer they are creating crop problems.

The only two states where deer cannot be hunted are Kansas and Illinois.

Mule deer in the West continue to maintain excellent herds and 12 states, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas and Utah, all report increases. In California, clearing of heavy timber has resulted in deer moving into the new forage areas, and bigger herds are building up there.

Blacktail deer, found primarily in Washington, Oregon and California, are following the same trend. Oregon's population is up, and California and Washington report its numbers about the same as last year. Even the number of stragglers border-jumping into Nevada has increased measurably.



ANTELOPE



ONCE THREATENED by extinction and down to a total of only 31,000 in 1924, the pronghorn through conservation has now been built up into the second largest population of big-game animals in the U.S. Top antelope hunting state is Wyoming with a population of 116,000 and an expected kill of 36,750. Montana is second with 60,000 and an expected kill of 36,000. Antelope can also be hunted in Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas and Utah.

Hunting methods and weapons for antelope are the same as for deer except that shooting is generally at longer range.



JAVELINA



FOUND in Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, this fast-moving relative of the domestic pig provides excellent sport whether hunted on foot or horseback. Texas, which has 100,000 of the 125,000 javelina in the U.S., reports increases this year and regular seasons in November and December.

Arizona's population is 18,000 and a kill

of 3,000 is expected during its season in February. New Mexico's 1,500 javelina are still protected by a closed season.

Usually hunted with a pack of dogs, the javelina requires a fast, clean shot in the brain or spinal column to drop it quickly. An average deer load is adequate, or a 12-gauge shotgun loaded with rifled slugs. Shooting is at close range and generally through heavy brush.

If the meat is to be eaten—and it is excellent—be sure to remove the scent glands or they will foul the meat.



BEAR



ACROSS their 32-state range, black bear continue to do well. Only New Mexico, Louisiana and Wyoming report decreases. New York, North Carolina, Utah and Vermont all show increases. Regular seasons prevail in Arizona, California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, Washington (with some areas open all year), West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Elsewhere the black bear will be hunted year round in Idaho, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Oregon, South Carolina and Utah. Seasons are closed in Alabama, Kentucky, Maryland and New Jersey, and populations are stable. Black bears are even cropping up where they're not supposed to be. A Connecticut farmer last week reported unexpectedly meeting one in a Bramble patch behind his property. And everyone knows there are no bears in Connecticut.

The future of the blackie's big brothers, the brown and grizzly, is not as bright. The brown bear, which once rambled over much more of the U.S., today is found only in Idaho, Montana, New Mexico and Wyoming. These last two states report populations dwindling although hunting is still

permitted. Idaho, with hunting legal all year, and Montana, with a regular season, report populations stable. The grizzly can only be hunted in Montana and Wyoming. Colorado, with a handful, and Idaho protect them year round.

An estimated 25,000 bears will be killed in the 27 bear-hunting states during the 1956 season. Of these, all but about 100 will be members of the black bear family. Most of them will be taken by hunters seeking other big game (usually deer) in areas where bear are also found. For all but very large black bears, brown bears or grizzlies, the average deer rifle is adequate. But only a good marksman, certain of the shot he makes and of his weapon, should tackle bear. Wounded, even the usually docile black bear becomes a formidable enemy. Popular big bear rifles are the .308 Winchester Magnum, the .375 H&H Magnum, .300 H&H Magnum and 348 Winchester.



ELK



IDAHO REMAINS the top elk state with its population of 60,000, and this year some 45,000 hunters will kill 9,000 animals in that state alone.

Bigger herds are building up in Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and Oregon, and elk in Virginia have been pronounced stable enough to permit a November season on regular license for the first time in years.

Other hot elk spots are Montana, which has a population of 52,000, Colorado (50,000) and Wyoming, with 37,000. Seasons will also be opening in the next few months in Arizona, Oregon, Washington, Nevada and New Mexico.

California and South Dakota have been forced to close their seasons this year due to herd decreases. Seasons are also closed in Minnesota, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Pennsylvania and Texas.

Harder to bag than deer, the elk is better tasting and carries a bigger rack of antlers. One of America's top trophies, it attracts thousands of out-of-state hunters to its range every year.

It is almost essential to use horses in pursuing elk due to their tendency to roam and the weight of the carcass. The elk hunter would use a gun that is accurate and punishing at extreme ranges.



MOUNTAIN SHEEP



MOUNTAIN SHEEP prospects are the best in years. Populations are up in Arizona, Colorado and Oregon, and are promisingly steady in California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Texas, Utah and Wyoming. Hunters in California, Oregon, Texas and Utah, where seasons remain closed, look hopefully to next year. Idaho adds a regular season to its special-permit hunt this year and Nevada, closed to sheep hunters in 1955, has opened two special hunts. New Mexico reports the only decrease and has closed its season. However, Barbary sheep, planted experimentally in New Mexico several years ago, continue to thrive and will be hunted again this December.

Patience, perseverance and limber muscles are needed to bag this fleet-footed cliff climber. An experienced guide is a good idea; telescopic sights are a must. Average shots are at about 200 yards. Long-range shooting and long-range rifle toting influence choice of weapons. Rifles of high velocity and flat trajectory in .270, .30-06 and .300 Magnum calibers are most commonly used.



MOUNTAIN GOAT



OFTEN called "white mountain buffalo" by early pioneers because of its humped back, the mountain goat can be hunted only in three states—Idaho, Montana and Washington. Hunting for goat is by special permit in all three states, though Idaho, has this year also established a new short season on regular hunting licenses. Oregon,

which has a closed season, reports its populations are on the increase and hopes for a hunting season in the next couple of years, should the trend continue.

The mountain goat is a thorough-going introvert, uninterested in what goes on around him and therefore not difficult to kill once the hunter gets within range of it. The precarious peaks on which it lives make finding it the most arduous part of the hunt.

Shooting is almost always at ranges of 200 yards or more and the weapon used should combine half-fine accuracy with quick killing power. It should have a telescopic sight of at least 4-power. Generally preferred is a .300 Magnum because of its accuracy and the high shocking effect of the Magnum cartridge at long ranges. In addition, the goat hunter needs a spotting scope and an experienced guide. The prize is excitement and a trophy; as food the goat has little appeal.



MOOSE



THIS largest member of the deer family can only be hunted in the U.S. in Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, but increasing herds are also reported from Maine, Minnesota and Utah. Populations comparable to last year are noted in Montana and New Hampshire. Seasons occur anywhere from September to January depending on areas hunted.

Moose territory ranges from open country to heavy brush and woodland. At either extreme the moose is a master at deception, blending its great bulk perfectly into the surrounding foliage. Where terrain permits, spotting scopes or binoculars help. For long-range shooting, telescopic sights of from 2½- to 4-power are popular. Great size makes the moose an easy target to hit but a difficult one to kill. A fast handling rifle, capable of delivering shocking blows in rapid succession, is best. Lever actions in .30-06, .348 and .300 Magnum calibers fill the bill.

If moose stalks on the fire are more important than moose heads on the wall, an early fall hunt, before the rutting season, is recommended. The flesh of the bull moose in rut takes on a strong, unpleasant flavor distasteful to the gourmet.

continued on next page

EXOTIC TROPHIES FOR THE COLLECTOR

MOUNTAIN
LION

VARIOUSLY KNOWN as puma, panther, catamount and cougar, the mountain lion is classed as a predator throughout the West and may be hunted there year round, although it is not pursued in the Southwest during the summer due to the extreme heat. In the South, Louisiana permits hunting throughout the year. Only in Florida, where the panther is confined for the most part to the Big Cypress Swamp, is there a season—Nov. 20 to Jan. 15.

It is almost impossible to hunt these wary cats without a pack of well-trained hounds. Due to the scarcity of good dogs it is imperative for the casual hunter to obtain the services of a professional guide and his hounds. Even tamed, the cougar will rarely attack man. Hunters seeking it in the Southwest can engage an expert guide for a 10-day hunt for approximately \$500.

A head or neck shot is recommended for an instantaneous kill and a light carbine has sufficient power to bring the big cat down.

PACIFIC
WALRUS

THIS ponderous, stuporous mammal of the Alaskan coastal waters hasn't been hunted by white men since 1841. Now, with

a recent amendment to the law protecting the walrus, white hunters will be permitted to shoot one bull a year, provided the hunter is accompanied by an Eskimo guide and turns the carcass over to him after the kill. The trophy, including hide and tusks, may be taken home. Most successful shoots will occur between mid-April and early June during the northern migration.

Although the Eskimos have been hunting walrus with a motley of weapons, the trophy hunter should employ a powerful rifle such as a .375 H&H Magnum. The preferable method for hunting is to go out in an umiak (an Eskimo craft made of walrus skins) until a solitary bull is sighted on a floe. The hunter should cautiously stalk the beast until he can get a precise shot at short range. Once alarmed, walrus generally head for water.



JAGUAR



OF ALL the felines only the lion and tiger are larger than this formidable cat which ranges from northern Argentina to Mexico with an occasional straggler crossing the Rio Grande into the U.S. Because the jaguar is essentially a nocturnal animal, it must be hunted early; dogs are essential in hunting it during daylight, as a jaguar has wary habits. Although it is very fast, the jaguar's lungs are small and it gets winded easily, coming to bay shortly after being started. A 12-gauge shotgun with a rifled slug or a high-powered rifle is suggested for the kill.

Another method of hunting the cat is at night with lights. Some hunters also employ a horn similar to a moose call which they use to "call up" the jaguar.

North Americans may hunt jaguar in Mexico by obtaining the necessary permits through the Mexican Consulate. Tourists planning to hunt in South America, where the terrain is usually more accessible than the dense Mexican jaguar haunts, normally

have to go through a good deal of red tape before securing the necessary permission. One way to avoid this is to contact a professional guide. One of the best is Ernest Lee of Tucson, Ariz. His expedition, with all arrangements made beforehand, is leaving this winter for Colombia. The total cost is \$1,000, which includes everything except weapons and transportation.



BOAR



THE ORIGINS of this wild pig in the U.S. are obscure. New Hampshire biologists, who claim their strain is the only pure one, say that the boar was brought over in 1888 from Germany and released on a badly fenced preserve north of Danbury. The southern strain is believed to have been imported in 1910 by an Englishman who dreamed of establishing a game preserve in a timbered tract just southwest of the Great Smokies. The southern pigs have occasionally interbred with feral razorbacks. Those in California are thought to have been shipped there from the South.

Boar may be hunted throughout the year in New Hampshire. There are intermittent seasons in North Carolina (October to January), Tennessee (October and November) and California (October to March).

Whether crossed or pure, the wild boar is a creature of exceptional stamina. The only practical way to hunt it, due to its keen sensory organs, is with dogs. In New Hampshire, which has more than half the U.S. boar population, this is invariably a wintertime pursuit because of easier tracking. Boar hunting is exhausting, for the animals can run for days and it is heavy going following the dogs.

When cornered, the boar can be a formidable animal, moving with great speed and agility for all his bulk—mature animals reach 600 pounds. Boar hunters claim that "pigs" can assimilate more lead before dropping than any other American game. Most shooting, because of the heavy brush the boar holes up in, is done with .170-, .180-, or .220-grain bullets is suggested. (E.N.O.)

CHROMSPUN AND COTTON

VAN HEUSEN

Pedigree of a champion

Sport shirt fanciers take note: Van Heusen is exhibiting a new breed of shirting for Fall—Eastman Chromspun color-locked acetate crossed with dyed cotton. Its rich, crisp feel and talent for shedding wrinkles are part of the Chromspun pedigree. So are the deep, lustrous undertones. And Chromspun helps it launder beautifully, dry quickly.

"Triumph Squares", shown, is available at Van Heusen dealers everywhere—with Continental "Carlo" collar, long sleeves, oyster pearl buttons. In red, blue, luggage, gold, green or azure. \$5.95.



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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Virginia Grant, attractive Canadian swimmer, teamed up with younger sister Susie to dominate English swimming championships at Blackpool. Virginia won 220-yard free-style in 2:30.4; 15-year old Susie took three girls' events.



Commander Robert W. (Duke) Windsor, who flew Navy's newest fighter plane, Chance Vought F8U Crusader, at 1,015.4 mph over California desert Aug. 21 for new U.S. record, was awarded Thompson Speed Trophy at Oklahoma City.

RECORD BREAKERS

Johnny Longden, racing's somber-faced Mr. Moneybags, hosted home fractions 5-year-old Arrogate in \$38,350 Del Mar Handicap for his 4,871st victory (Sept. 3) in nearly 30 years and more than 25,000 mounts to break world riding record held by Sir Gordon Richards, boosted total to 4,881 by week's end. Usually taciturn, Johnny loosened up long enough to aptly describe his career: "I've always done my best."

Perry O'Brien, massive-muscled Californian who was first to break 60- and 61-foot barriers, gave world another goal to shoot at, heaving shotput 62 feet 6 1/2 inches at Eugene, Ore. (Sept. 3).

Britain's Anne Fashley, Heather Arncliffe, June Paul and Sheila Hoskin sprinted 400-meter relay in 45.4 at London to surpass listed world mark (Sept. 8).

Johnny Allen, 26-year-old Texan, seated himself in cockpit-type seat of *The Devil's Arrow*, streamlined bullet-shaped motorcycle designed and built by Airline Pilot Storey Mungham, homed over Bonneville Salt Flats at 214.40 mph to lower world speed standard set six weeks ago by Germany's Wilhelm Hiers (Sept. 6).

Jean Hebert, Renault engineer, whipped his company's low-slung, plastic Etalon Flante through measured mile at 191.2 mph at Bonneville, set new mark for gas turbine-powered car (Sept. 4).

Takashi Ishimoto, young Nihon University swimmer, churned 160-meter butterfly in rapid 1:52 at Tokyo for new world long-course record (Sept. 7).

BASEBALL

Milwaukee, showing signs of feeling strain, faltered long enough to drop five straight to Cincinnati and Chicago, perked up to beat Cubs 7-4, 5-3 to stay bare game ahead of crushing Brooklyn, which kept on pressure by taking two out of three from Pittsburgh, three out of four from New York. Redlegs, after showing muscles to Braves, began to fade against St. Louis, lost three in row to fall three games off pace.

New York Yankees sailed along 11 games ahead of pack after thumping Baltimore, Boston and Washington but Mickey Mantle's dream of home run record went down drain as he failed to hit even one in six games, held his total at 47 (latest minor leaguer to hit 50): Frosty Kennedy of Plainview, Texas. Chicago began stretch run, won three out of four from Cleveland to tie Indians for second place.

TENNIS

Ken Rosewall, little Australian racketeer, used all his wheridry to break down Lew Hoad's big game, upset fellow Aussie 4-6, 6-2, 5-3, 6-3 to win men's singles title; Shirley Fry, after 16 years of frustration, easily beat Althea Gibson 6-3, 6-4 for women's crown, in Nationals at Forest Hills (see page 34).

HORSE RACING

Swaps, soundly beaten last time out, responded nobly to whipping ride by Willie Shoemaker, romped away from Summer Tan in stretch to take \$142,700 Washing-

ton Park Handicap, moved on to Atlantic City (see below).

Willie Hartack, in neck-and-neck battle with Shoemaker for nation's winningest-jockey crown (see page 30), boosted home Calumet Farm's Bardstown in track record time of 1:48 for mile-and-eighth in \$46,650 Buckeye Handicap at Randall Park.

Cherwell, William C. Robinson Jr.'s 8-year-old bay gelding, nimbly leaped into lead after front-running Area threw rider at 14th jump, held off challenging Crag to finish on top in Foxcatcher National Cup Steeplechase at Fair Hill, Md.

OLYMPIC TRIALS

Army Lieut. Herbert Voelker of Tomawanda, N.Y. and Marine Lieut. James Smith of Ipswich, Mass. finished one-two in three-day 390-meter free rifle firing at Camp Perry, Ohio, won last two berths on U.S. Olympic rifle and pistol team.

Southern California Water Polo Club battled to 6-6 tie with Illinois AC in trials at Los Angeles but won trip to Melbourne on basis of higher goal average.

AUTO RACING

Curtis Turner, wealthy lumberman from Roanoke, Va., mipped around Darlington, S.C. oval at record average speed of 95.067 mph in factory-sponsored 1956 Ford to win Southern "500."

Bob Alonso, blond, 28-year-old Anaheim, Calif. truck driver more at home behind wheel of hot rod than in cab,

FOCUS ON THE DEED



DOWN AND OUT goes Larry Bataan at hands of NDA Bantamweight Champion Raul Machis in sixth round at Hollywood.



UP AND HAPPY, Shirley Fry fondly hugs trophy she won by beating Althea Gibson for her first national singles title.



INVADING EAST, Swaps is led from railroad car by Trainer Tenney upon arrival at Atlantic City for \$106,900 U.N. Handicap.

SCOREBOARD



Master Sgt. Francis B. Conway out-gunned more than 1,000 of nation's top rifle marksmen at 1,000 yards with perfect score of 100, became the first since 1940 to win Wimbledon Cup for second time, at Camp Perry, Ohio.



Gordon Pirie, 25, string-bean British paint salesman, out-jockeyed trio of Hungarian stars, put on final burst of speed to clock 7:52.8 for 3,000 meters at Malmö, Sweden, bettering world record by almost three full seconds.



Billy Grant, at 46 only a little less agile than when he upset Ellsworth Vines and Don Budge in mid-'20s, lured Phil Hanes into playing his best game, won 7-6, 6-4 for his first national senior tennis championship at Forest Hills.

roared his hand-fashioned Chrysler-powered dragster, fired by combination of alcohol and nitro methane, over quarter-mile strip at screeching 159.01 mph, fastest in drag racing history, in National Hot Rod Association races at Kansas City.

John Kilbren of Decatur, Ill. and **Howard Hively** of Cincinnati spun their gleaming red Ferrari 480 miles around twisting 4-mile paved Road America track to win 6-hour endurance run for sports cars at Elkhart Lake, Wis. (see page 57).

HANDBALL

Vic Hershkowitz, 33-year-old Brooklyn fireman, outbattled Jimmy Jacobs 21-5, 21-13 for his sixth straight national three-wall singles championship, teamed up with Harry Dreyfus of St. Louis 29 minutes later to win doubles title at Detroit.

BOXING

Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore, not getting any younger (or richer) while waiting for Floyd Patterson, took on Wrestler-Boxer Professor Roy Shire for pay night at Ogden, Utah, won by TKO in third round.

Eddie Machen, young heavyweight contender from San Francisco, kept back-pedaling Julio Mederos off balance with stinging left jabs, won easy 10-round decision at Portland, Ore.

Harold Carter, another young heavyweight hopeful, outbattled and out-punched Johnny Summerlin in busy 10-round in New York.

BOATING

Agostino Strassine and **Nico Rade**, Italy's 1952 Olympic champions, won second day's race, deftly maneuvered their **Meropie III** into fourth place in final heat to clinch Star class world title for third time on Bay of Naples.

Bill Cox, New York City magazine publisher-sailor, took his first wheel at international Lightning class racing, won three of five races over triangular Lake Erie course, piled up 218 points to capture crown at Point Albino, Ont.

MILEPOSTS

MARRIAGE REVEALED—By William Harrison Dillard, 32, once fast-moving Olympic hurdler, now public relations assistant for Cleveland Indians; and **Joy Victoria Clementson**, 26, member of Jamaica women's softball team in 1953 Pan-American Games; on April 24 at Angola, Ind.

DEED—**Dick Nalbin**, 75, former American League umpire (1915-32) who worked infamous 1919 Black Sox scandal World Series between Chicago and Cincinnati (see page 61); of heart disease, at Frederick, Md.

DEED—**Charles Burgess Fry**, 84, British athlete, diplomat, author; in London, Fry achieved greatest fame as cricketer (he captained English team, never lost international match), also was track star, able boxer, golfer, swimmer, sculler, tennis and soccer player.

FOR THE RECORD

BASISBALL

ST. LOUIS over New Orleans, 8-3, American League N. World Series, Baseball, N.B.
ST. LOUIS (DUB) DAINSTER, over Detroit (Wash.) Legion, 21-1, Nat. Non-Pro Football final meet, Wichita, Kans.

BOATING

WAYNE DILLER Haddfield, N.J., Nat. Canal Class championship, Port Clinton, Ohio.

BOXING

CHARLIE GREEN, 30-year-old over George Johnson, Middlebury Vts., Milledale, Calif.

DOG SHOW

ON BOWEN EYEWON, owned by Dr. Jack R. Sheline, 1 Long Wharrior, Wrentham, Mass. and owned by Mrs. Audrey Benson, best-in-show, Westchester Kennel Club show, Purchase, N.Y.

GOUP

ED FERGUSON, 21, Suez, Rubber City Open, with 275 for 72 holes, Akron, Ohio.

HORSE RACING

SWIFT ROBBY 259 100 Del Mar Futurity, 6-1, by disqualification of Prince Maed, in 1:28 4/5, Del Mar, Calif. San Luis 20
FACECLOUT 570 175, Beldeworth, Handicap 2:18 1/2 m., by 11 lengths, in 1:44 3/5, Atlantic City N.J. Harrison E. Wilson 20
BOBBY 218 150 Chicago Handicap, 1 m., by nose, at 1:25 2/5, Hawthorne, Pa., Chicago, Kentucky Derby

MOTORCYCLING

EVERETT BRASHAR, Spaulding, Texas, 100 m. half championship, with 85.35 mph average speed, Longhorns, Pa.

PENTATHLON

LIEUT. LOGAN O'RAIR, U.S. Army, held modest position individual mile with 4:59 pts. Bern Switzerland, Team Champion Sweden

POLO

BRANDYRINE Kennel Sq., Pa., over Aurora, Buffalo, N.Y., 11-0, U.S. Polo Assn. natl. com. title, Chicago

SOFTBALL

GRANGE CALIF. over Durre Park, 1-0, women's world basketball championship, Glenside, Pa.



WINNING SMILES come easy to Mrs. Glenn Lattimore (extreme left) and her son, Glenn Lattimore, who won North American sailing title and Adams Cup at Cohasset, Mass.



WINNING FORM is displayed by Halfback Ron Waller, shown taking advantage of good block to score from seven-yard line as Los Angeles Rams routed Chicago Cardinals 69-21 in exhibition game.

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There were cold winds and keen disappointments
at Forest Hills, but a triumphant final again proved

KEN IS A MASTER

THREE dramatic questions were posed by the Diamond Jubilee National Tennis Championships:

1) Could Lew Hoad repeat Don Budge's Grand Slam of 1938?

2) Could Althea Gibson become the first Negro to capture a major U.S. tennis title?

3) Could Dick Savitt, former Wimbledon champion who quit big-time tennis four years ago to go into the oil business, make a comeback?

Some may have hoped for a triple affirmative answer. But the reply, borne on the chilly, capricious wind which whistled around Forest Hills last weekend, was no in each case.

Ken Rosewall, who grew up with Hoad on the neighborhood courts of Sydney and who later became Lew's doubles partner and keenest adversary, punctured the Grand Slam balloon with one of the most remarkable tennis exhibitions ever seen on hallowed center court at West Side.

I would have thought that the bone-chilling winds which whipped around the court in 50° temperatures would have worked to the detriment of Rosewall, the line-splitter, and to the benefit of Hoad, the net-rushing slammer who tries to make every shot a killing one.

But in a beautiful match of classic tennis, marked by shots that often defied belief, Rosewall's needle-threading accuracy and remarkable court sense engulfed Hoad's awesome power.

The scores of the men's final match were 4-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3. A lot of people rubbed their eyes and took another look—even Hoad. Rosewall completely took charge once he got into the driver's seat. Down 0-2 in the third set, he took 12 of the next 16 games. He was the master—a crafty tailor sewing a garment of defeat for his victim.

Rosewall at the finish was so overpowering that in the final set, Muscles, as he's called by his teammates, lost only three points on his own service.

Shirley Fry again snuffed out the major-title hopes of Althea Gibson, a

girl with tremendous potential but still with a block somewhere barring her from tennis greatness.

Althea was nervous and pressing too hard in her final against Shirley. Bunting her service and contenting herself with keeping the ball in play, Shirley won her first United States women's championship 6-3, 6-4.

It was a much-deserved triumph for the pleasant Akron, Ohio girl who told newspapermen afterward that two years ago—in 1954—she had become so despondent over her repeated failures and a bad elbow that she intended to quit tennis—and did for 10 months.

Of the three posed possibilities, the nearest that came to fruition was the comeback effort of Dick Savitt. Unhardened by tough competition for four years, he proved his "big" game still has a lot of its oldtime sting in carrying Rosewall to five sets.

It was Savitt who put up the strongest fight against the gifted new American champion, and it makes a Davis

Cup captain's mouth water to think of how valuable he would be to our efforts to regain the cup.

We made efforts to land Dick for the Italian matches at the West Side Tennis Club—in the American-European Inter-Zone final—but Savitt, smiling curiously, stated, "As of the moment, I'm not available." He said he had to attend to his oil business. Davis Cup regulations permit final selection up to 10 days prior to the match.

We hope he may yet change his mind. But in the meantime Chauncey Steele's selection committee has named a four-man team to face the able Italian trio of Nicola Pietrangeli, Giuseppe Merlo and Orlando Sirola on the Forest Hills grass. On our squad are those two Davis Cup stalwarts, Vic Seixas and Hamilton Richardson, and two "rookies," Sam Giammalva and Mike Green, both comers.

Seixas distinguished himself again in the tournament by gaining the semi-finals with a great display of fighting heart. There he lost to his old nemesis, Rosewall, but before that he played five hard matches, three of them going five sets. In all, Vic, a spy man at 33, played 308 games—a tournament record. Richardson played excellently until his quarter-final match with Neale Fraser of Australia, in which he lacked his usual touch. Giammalva and Green both gave good accounts of themselves and gave promise of developing along encouraging lines.

We still would like to have Savitt in our lineup.



DICK SAVITT GAVE ROSEWALL HARDEST MATCH, WAS ASKED TO JOIN THE DAVIS CUP SQUAD

CORNUCOPIA OF FINE TENNIS ON QUARTERS DAY

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

IT USED TO BE a very simple thing to know when another September had come round: Doris Hart would lose in the finals at Forest Hills and, on another front, a new Miss Rheingold would loom into view. Times have moved on, and today, if you are a tennis fan, the end of summer seems to go hand in hand with the inevitable discovery that Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall are one year older. Today, four years after their first visit, the boys from Sydney are 21, Rosewall has filled out a bit and become if anything more laconic, Hoad is a trifle faster and his set llama-like expression of pained boredom projects itself a few rows farther, and the two together are a shade more dominant than ever before in the world of amateur tennis.

On Friday, the day of the quarter-finals, while the air at the West Side Tennis Club was beginning to gain the particular pungency of Hoad-Rosewall week, there were a lot of other flavors to be breathed in. It was one of those really wonderful tennis days, due partially to some aberration in the scheduling which gave Thursday's patrons nothing more to chew on than some dull women's matches and consequently spread a terrific smorgasbord of interesting stuff all over the premises on Friday. For example, there was Jean Borotra, the famed Bounding Basque of three decades ago, still bounding around at 58, trying to get the net against Phil Hanna, the defending Seniors champion, in their very good semifinal match which Hanna ultimately won 4-5, 6-2, 6-4. Borotra's black pompadour has trailed off into a salt and pepper color, and this, along with a certain sparseness and the steel-rimmed glasses he now wears, give him the curious aspect of a New England schoolmaster. The last leaves of the old polyglot international crowd were with him every step of the way, flicking out those cries of "A rous, Jean!" whenever Borotra culminated a sortie with a placement. Jean would wipe off his glasses and dig in harder, unable, as ever, to stop working at winning. Simultaneously on the clubhouse court another blithe spirit from out of the past, Bryan (Betsy) Grant, was making his way to the Seniors final. My, the years have treated Betsy well! He

is still all over the court, he still gets everything back, and he is still interpolating those little gestures which were always part and parcel of tennis for him—spread-eagling himself on the turf on the adjoining court after chasing a loser, educating the ball boys on how to feed him, walking a few Shakespearean yards behind the baseline before serving, to "feel the air" with a sensitively clawing hand. (In the final against Hanna, old Betsy, playing steadily and well, won in straight sets.)

A SIXXAS MARATHON

On the stadium court—elsewhere on the premises Hoad was taking Emerson, Fraser was taking Richardson, Betty Rosenquest Pratt was upsetting Dorothy Knobe, and Althea Gibson was pulling out a long first set due to the sudden largesse of Darlene Hard, who, at 7-7, double-faulted four times in a row—there were two matches, both of them exciting, one of them a classic. In the first, Vic Seixas, the Pearl White of tennis, tottered precariously on the brink of disaster for three hours before eliminating Ashley Cooper, the third-ranked Australian, in five heavy sets. Vic has been described as an extraordinarily gifted athlete who plays tennis; that is, his basic virtues are his wonderful reflexes, his speed about, his stamina, his competitive spirit, and not his stroke production, which has never been of the first order, off the ground especially. At 33, though slowed down, he can still do something with a match if he is playing a man who allows Vic to entrench himself in an elaborate production. Cooper couldn't prevent this, but on the following day in their semifinal match, Rosewall did, abruptly.

Friday's great match, of course, was Rosewall-Savitt. Whoever you talked to about it afterwards—Hazel Wightman, Wilmer Allison, Harry Hopman, Jack Kramer, etc.—had to go back years and years to recall its equal for superbly interesting tennis. Savitt, as you know, had been away from tournament play for four years and was re-entering the lists somewhat reluctantly. The general feeling was that Dick, accordingly, would be doing very well indeed to take a set from Rosewall. He dropped the first 5-4 after leading 4-2.

continued on next page

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CORNUCOPIA OF TENNIS

continued from page 55

He dropped the second 7-5 after leading 2-0. He was playing topnotch tennis, however, serving effectively, getting beautiful length and that wonderful pace of his on his ground strokes, and pushing Rosewall to the finest exhibition of crisp, tactical tennis Ken has possibly ever given in this country. You must attack relentlessly and well against Rosewall, for otherwise the young man takes charge, like a "spot pitcher" in baseball, and never gives you the ball you want to hit.

In the third and seemingly final set, with Rosewall just managing to keep the upper hand with his marvelously accurate lobs and drop shots as they moved each other around the baseline in long, hard-hitting rallies, both men trying to force openings but not hurrying them, Savitt, behind 3-4 and 0-40 on his service, pulled out the game with some very forceful strokes and went on to break Rosewall's service and take the set 6-4. On into the fourth, with games standing at 8 all, Savitt, trailing 30-0 on Rosewall's serve, came crashing through with a series of spectacular passing shots, the winning point coming on a cross-court backhand which he blazed past Rosewall who had followed in to net after his own deep and forcing backhand. Rosewall looked at the ball whistle in, dropped his racket and stood for a moment applauding the shot. Savitt then held service firmly to win the set and square the match.

That was as far, though, as Dick could go. Four years away from tournament tennis are just too much for a man. His tiredness showed through from the first game, and Rosewall is too fine a player to give a tired man enough slack for regrouping his forces and concentration. The final set, 6-1, was, of course, an anticlimax to such an excellent match, but no one who watched them will ever forget the first four sets and the fourth in particular—absolutely wonderful tennis. (END)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

12—L.F., 14—Ronald Miller—L.F., 15—Hy Peckin, 16, 17—Francis Miller—L.F. (2), Hy Peckin, 22, 24—drawings by Alex, 25—John Tuckler—L.F., 26, 27—Gordon Coffey, 28—Hy Peckin, Bert Morgan (2), 29—Bert Morgan, Ken Dean, Hy Peckin, 32—Fred Petersen, 38, 39—David Gleason, 40—Tom McHugh, 41—David Goldstein, Irene Smith, 42, 43—David Goldstone, 45—Cousin Sweet, 51—Bob, G.F., Dennis A.F. S., Toronto, 52—top, J.H.F., European, Max F. Hoos, bottom, Morris Rosewall, A.P., 54—John G. Zimmerman, 59—John Bryson, 61—Fred from Boston-Globe, 62—L.F. (2), 63—L.F., 64—N.F., 65—J.F., L.H.F., 72, 74—David Seymour-Magnus, 78—J.N.F., 80—Bert Glan-Magnus

A happy man stood on his head to welcome a winning

Ferrari, while owner-drivers cheered a victorious

RED ITALIAN DUET

THE MECHANICAL STARS of a pair of zesty Sports Car Club of America endurance races last weekend on the exacting Road America course at Elkhart Lake, Wis. were bright-red Italian machines, an Osca and a Ferrari. The Osca was driven by men who have heard much applause, the Ferrari by an unsung team to whom the laurels were rare and exhilarating.

This was a weekend dedicated to the proposition that the owner of a sports car should turn up in the driver's seat on race day. The board of directors of the SCCA's Chicago region, which had charge of the races, laid down a ruling that the owner of each entry must share in the driving. Since the best SCCA drivers, by and large, happen to be those who compete in cars they do not own, the directive resulted in some fancy scrambling.

Carroll Shelby, the rawboned Texan who put together a winning streak of 19 straight fur absentee owners, was tapped by SCCA President Jim Kimberly for Saturday's four-hour race for cars of less than two liters displacement. Kimberly wanted Shelby to co-drive his 4.4-liter Ferrari in Sunday's six-hour event for larger cars, but a damaged crankshaft eliminated that plan. For a time last week Millionaire Sportsman Kimberly played with the idea of buying a spare Jaguar from Millionaire Sportsman Briggs Cunningham on the spot, but that fell through, too. As it turned out, a single Kimberly entry returned glory aplenty.

The veteran Johnny Fitch, a member of the invincible German Mercedes team last year, teamed up with Cunningham. Paul O'Shea, the 1955 SCCA champion, most often seen in a Mercedes 300SL owned by George Tilp, brought along his own 300SL. He paired with Phil Hill, brilliant winner of the Road America inaugural last year, who had just returned from a European campaign.

As Saturday's 51-car field surged into a rain-dampened starting grind under gray skies, Shelby grinned happily in the Kimberly pit. The lucky, raggedy overalls which he had worn during his winning streak and which had been absent when it ended the other day at Thompson, Conn. (because an airline muffed a baggage delivery) were again draped on the Shelby frame. Out on the tough four-mile course Kimberly was cutting out a fast early pace in his superbly tuned 1.5-liter Osca. His roughest opposition, surprisingly enough, in a pack that included several potent Porsche Spydres, came from the little 1,100-cc Lotus of Dr. M. R. J. Wyllie. Wyllie moved up through the field to take second place on the fifth lap, snatched the lead briefly from Kimberly on the 12th, and then faded a trifle as the Osca asserted its superior speed. Still, Wyllie was cruising at 6,500 rpm, with 700 rpm in reserve. Wyllie's bid ended when a jackshaft failed.

Kimberly turned the Osca over to Shelby at the end of 31 laps, and

Shelby celebrated the return of his renowned overalls by breezing to an overwhelming victory. He lapped the field on the 50th lap, barreling through Road America's tight corners with his asbestos-shod foot down hard and took the checkered flag at the end of 75 laps. The Osca's average speed for the 300 miles was 74.436 mph. The Robert Fergus-Ray Mason Porsche Spyder was second, and the Lance Reventlow-Richie Ginther Cooper, another 1,100-cc machine, an unexpected third.

Fitch built up an amazing lead in the Sunday race and was just short of lapping the third-place D Jag of Ernie Erickson (driven now by Frank Bott) when he pitted. Nearly four hours remained when Cunningham took the wheel. A tenaciously-driven 4.5-liter Ferrari, owned by husky John Kilborn, which had clung to second place, now took the lead. When Kilborn stopped at the pits to be relieved by co-driver Howard Hively, the yellow D Jag moved ahead. Frank Bott kept it ahead until he pitted, with three hours gone, to hand over to Erickson.

It became apparent that Hively had a stunning lead over the Cunningham D Jag, and when Fitch jumped back into the cockpit, with two hours to go, he had a lap to make up. He whittled away at the lead, turning some laps as fast as 2 minutes 53 seconds—more than 88 mph. With an hour remaining, Kilborn got back into the Ferrari. A 41-year-old Decatur, Ill. automobile dealer who has been racing only four years, driving a much-traveled Ferrari, Kilborn could not let up.

With 25 minutes left an exuberant Hively chalked "I love U" on a pit blackboard and flashed it to Kilborn, then, "Go man." When the big red Ferrari screamed across the finish line, having gone 480 miles at an average of 79.738 mph, Fitch was only seven seconds behind.

Hively, as Kilborn approached the finish, stood joyously on his head until the car was safely in. **END**



Hounds, horses and golf holes await the autumn
traveler heading southward in the cool shade of

CAROLINA PINES

SOME Canadians were saying last season that they find buzzing from the snow banks of the Dominion to the sunlands of Florida too abrupt a change. They favor stopping, like a diver in a pressure chamber, in the mid-South, a sort of halfway house in the Carolinas decorated with hounds, horses and golf holes.

Pinehurst and Southern Pines, two favorite places for those seeking to avoid the winter bends, begin to function after the northern spas have nailed up the last shutter and before the Florida and southwest rookeries have taken on their.

Located athwart the trough worn by auto travelers shuttling between the northeast and Florida, Pinehurst and Southern Pines nestle in the Carolina Sandhills, a strange topographical enclave once said to have been the bottom of the ocean floor. The odd sandy soil dries quickly, heats rapidly under

the Carolina sun, cools quickly with the sunset and nurtures long-leaf pine trees—all of which makes Pinehurst and Southern Pines a fine tweedy place to be on the beach. The day's highs of October average 75°, of November 64°, providing a tonic for both man and beast. Both come to enjoy it.

The difference between them, they like to say down here, is that Southern Pines is horses and golf, Pinehurst is golf and horses. There is more to it than that. Southern Pines is one long informal street lined by magnolia trees and the tracks of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad. Pinehurst is a large, formal, selective resort begun by James Tufts, a Boston soda fountain manufacturer, and laid out by the Olmsted, who among other arbors designed Central Park and the grounds of the Capitol. Southern Pines has five generals, three golf courses, Miss Eleonora R. Sears (who arrives from Beacon Hill

in her private railroad car) and Adlai Stevenson's sister. Pinehurst has nine generals, one of whom is George Marshall, four golf courses, five hotels and John Marquand.

Besides people, some 500 horses winter in the Sandhills each year. Southern Pines trains steeplechasers, and on mornings, beginning in November, visitors can watch the vaulters taking the jumps. The season culminates in The Steeplechase, a 10-event competition in March held on the farm of Mickey Walsh, one of the country's leading steeplechase trainers. From Southern Pines the jumpers are off to Camden, S.C. for the Gold Cup, then on to Virginia, and so up to Belmont, Monmouth and Saratoga.

Pinehurst specializes in harness racers. In the early fall the trotters come down from the northeast, stay limber on the three training tracks until spring. New colts up from Kentucky start from scratch in the fall, ship out in April as fledgling trotters.

But golf is the big news. With its four courses and its corps of 500 to 400 caddies, some of whom have been shagging balls there for 40 years, Pinehurst is logging 500 rounds a day in November. By spring 700 golfers a day are teeing off, some of them as early as 7:30 in the morning.

Such an inopportune deterrent as nightfall is no real problem, since Southern Pines' Hillendale course offers a nine-hole layout (longest hole: 130 yards) completely floodlit. And when it rains players can still whack the balls over the sodden sand hills, driving from the protection of an all-weather shelter.

To house its golfers and its horse set Southern Pines has three hotels and five motor courts. Its newest motel, to be ready for the approaching season, will have not only a swimming pool but a putting green and practice traps. The Pine Needles Club (operated by Peggy Kirk Bell, 1950 Eastern Amateur Champion, and her husband) offers rooms and meals to men only at \$16.50 a day, a tariff which includes the greens fee. Less athletic types install themselves at the Hollywood, which wasn't named after Heda Hopperville but after the woods, which are full of holly. It is a white clapboard building with magnolia trees on the lawn and girt with a porch where the residents rock between the tinkles of the dinner bell, which calls them to a typical New England (and typical mid-South) Cuisine—liver for breakfast, blueberry muffins and such. Since no liquor is served over the bar in the



"I'll watch out for cops. You keep your eyes peeled for radar equipment."

Sandhills, dinner stands the best chance of showing up boiled.

A five-mile highway divided by an island of pines and a carpet of brown-needle broadloom separates Southern Pines and Pinehurst. Roughly midway between them, cuddled in a grove of tall pines, is the Mid-Pines Club, a pleasant enough inn of white board and red brick, banked with evergreen shrubs. In the back of the house dawdlers can lounge on the terrace, surrounded—in season of course—by azaleas, camellias and the dogwood huddling under the pines, and watch the golfers start and finish. The lovely course breaks away in soft green rolls immediately under the bedroom windows. Julius Boros is pro.

In Pinehurst, The Carolina, big, yellow and white and crowned with a red cupola, opens September 30. There is a riding ring on the lawn, dancing in the ballroom every night, and on the American plan it gets anywhere from \$13 to \$32 for a single with bath, depending upon the location, the size and the season. The Carolina management has it all figured out that you could probably stay around the place playing golf for six months on less than life would cost at home. They break it down like this:

board and room, 2 people,	
Nov. 1-April 30	\$3,768.00
tips to hotel employees	600.00
season dues for 2, Pinehurst Country Club	210.00
golf balls and caddies for 300 rounds of golf	900.00
	<u>\$5,478.00</u>

Small and honey is the 90-room Holly Inn, which has no music or entertainment but a gentle air, red brick walks, azalea bushes and holly trees planted by the original Mrs. Tufts. Rates here run from \$9 to \$18 single. Three other smaller hotels not owned by the Pinehurst combine are also on the premises. Besides these arrangements there are a number of cottages available for seasonal rental strung out along the golf courses and tucked under the pines. A two-bedroom layout can be had for about \$250 a month, but they expect you to take it for the season, which is three to five months.

Seaboard Air Line Railroad puffs, as I say, into the middle of southern Pines, making the run from New York overnight. By air you can fly to Raleigh, 70 miles away, and hire a car. Or Piedmont, a feeder airline, comes in from Charlotte from October to May, landing its DC-3s at Southern Pines. On a turf runway, naturally. **ENR**

TIP FROM THE TOP



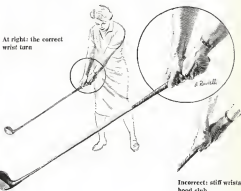
especially for high-handicap women golfers

from HELEN DETTWEILER, Thunderbird Country Club, Palm Springs, Calif.

Most women golfers are extremely conscious of the importance of body action in the golf shot but, probably because they have not had baseball training as many men have, they tend to ignore the importance of hand action. Actually, since the hands are the only part of the body to touch the club, they are superimportant both in starting the swing and controlling it throughout.

Your hands should set the club head in motion with a very gradual wrist cock and at the same time a slight turn of the left wrist. Remember this is a turn—not a roll or a pronation. Women, as well as men, tend to take the club back in an awkward stiff-shouldered way which not only hoods the club (shuts the face) but which disastrously restricts the pivot.

The path of the club head should not be in a straight line away from the ball but, because of the slight turn of the left wrist, should angle back, following the arc the left hand naturally moves in as the body makes its accompanying turn. This correct wrist action will be especially helpful also in providing an inside-out path to your downswing. That, as you know, is the absolute essential of the straight, correctly struck golf shot.




NEXT WEEK'S PRO: BYRON NELSON ON THE LONG IRONS

THREE CLUBS

continued from page 15

SATURDAY

 **The Braves** were given extra batting practice this morning. They have become the weakest hitting team in the majors.

Their spirit and their hitting were lackluster, and they lost their second game with the Cubs 2-1 despite fine pitching from Burdette. It was their fifth straight defeat, their longest losing sequence of the season.



on Milwaukee. But they were plastered by St. Louis hits and lost 6-4. Three crucial hits were just missed by McMillan and Temple, although probably no two other National League infielders would even have got as close to the ball as they did. Three former American Leaguers present (Tebbetts, Hutchinson and Dykes) agree that McMillan is the best shortstop they have ever seen. The bespectacled Roy's bony body is a mass of bruises, scrapes and strawberries.

Real defection settled on the clubhouse afterward.



The cheerful Dodgers, whose wear-

	GB	To Play
Milwaukee	..	19
Brooklyn	3½	18
Cincinnati	1½	18

SUNDAY




The Braves came into the double-header with every chance of dropping out of first place, and they looked it. The pregame pall became heavier when Johnny Logan (kneed in the back in Friday's game) told Haney, "It's no use, Boss, can't even bend over." Logan had been the nucleus of what little power remained to Milwaukee.

Yet the Braves got 22 hits to sweep both games from the Cubs. The clubhouse was a scene of joy for a change. Burdette shouted, "Now, write this down very carefully: Lew Burdette is very happy, yesmree, very happy." He began to sing *Side by Side*. Crandall said: "The turning point, that's what it was."



Cincinnati had Jablonski at third instead of Grammas for the last game at St. Louis, and Jabbo missed three plays which cost the Redlegs the game—a four-hour heartbreaker which ended in the 18th inning. The players walked off the field with bowed heads, as if they were all praying. The nine-hour train ride to New York would be a black one.



 **Brooklyn** beat the Giants with the aid of four runs driven in by Hero of the Week Carl Furillo. Afterward, Jackie Robinson summed up Dodger feeling about the Braves: "They've never been through this before. We have. We haven't been playing good ball, but we've been winning and coming from behind." One game off the pace? That was fine by Robby. "I don't know if we're going to win—our hitting is awful—but I'd say we have a hell of a chance now."

	GB	To Play
Milwaukee	1	17
Brooklyn	1	17
Cincinnati	3	17

X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCES

City	Season	Points	Goals	Assists	Points	Goals	Assists
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
St. Louis	4-1	1,005	(58-63)	8	Must		
Baltimore	4-1	306	(37-35)	5	Must		
New York	3-3	580	(38-38)	5	May		
Cincinnati	2-3	480	(30-57)	6	May		
Chicago	2-3	450	(34-38)	5	May		
Chicago	2-3	430	(34-37)	8	May		
Milwaukee	2-4	323	(30-34)	6	May		
Philadelphia	2-4	335	(33-37)	4	June		
AMERICAN LEAGUE							
Chicago	4-1	380	(38-39)	13	Early		
Detroit	4-1	355	(36-37)	13	Early		
New York	3-1	750	(35-39)	7	Early		
Boston	4-2	467	(37-41)	7	Early		
Washington	3-3	550	(37-39)	3	June		
Cleveland	1-4	390	(36-39)	5	June		
Kansas City	1-4	290	(34-32)	2	June		
Baltimore	1-5	347	(38-37)	2	June		

TEAM LEADERS

Starting Season	Number of Seasons	Picking Season
368 Moon	326	23 Dickson 12-8
324 Garland	302	38 Newcombe 18-3
336 Seckman	346	35 Antonelli 18-13
438 Karczewski	327	19 Robinson 17 Lawrence 18-3
328 Verman	350	38 Pines 17-13
443 Backs	381	35 Rios 17-10
424 Akrone	320	35 Buhl 16-7
370 Ashburn	287	30 Nadeau 12-8
<hr/>		
392 Hines	305	18 Fierce 15-12
492 Kuehn	336	35 Post 13-7
<hr/>		
417 Blanche	355	35 Martin 17-4
412 Williams	344	39 Brewer 19-7
419 Ruppelt	317	27 Skolnik 15-13
254 Smith	244	23 Stone 16-10
<hr/>		
500 Power	390	35 Taylor 13-4
393 Plummer	336	15 Moore 12-4

HEROES AND GOATS

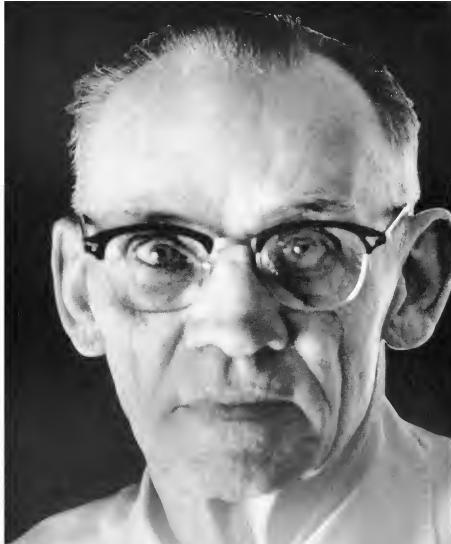
THE SEASON (to Sept. 3)		
	BEST	WORST
Batting (NL)	Aaron, .358	Spencer, .227
Running (NL)	Maurice, 191	Monroe, 84d, 31
Home runs	Craig, 38, 38	Schmidt, 19
Hitfers (NL)	Swisher, 15	(per 421 AB)
Home runs	Melillo, .37	Thompson, .31
Hitfers (AL)	Casper, .36	(per 421 AB)
Pitching (NL)	Nease, 100, 206K	Kearf, CH 2-12
Pitching (AL)	Park, NY 27-5	Bennage, AC 1-12
ER (NL)	Burdette, 88, 23F	Becker, CH 4-86
ER (AL)	Nease, 100, 206K	Nease, 100, 206K
Complete games	Robert, PH 12	Schmidt, SL 2
(NL)	(20 starts)	(21 starts)
Complete games	Nease, CH 19	Bringer, AC 1
(AL)	(20 starts)	(21 starts)
Team W (NL)	Philadelphia, 35	St. Louis, 35
Team W (AL)	New York, 274	New York, 450
Team runs (NL)	Cincinnati, 638	Baltimore, 503
Team runs (AL)	New York, 767	Baltimore, 503
Team hits (NL)	Boston, 1,500	Baltimore, 1,099

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NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
Ames, N.Y. (22B)	101	59	360
Mayweather, Conn. (20B)	90	65	195
Easton, Conn. (20B)	113	42	155
Windsor, N.Y. (23B)	94	79	149
Sunder, Minn. (23B)	121	42	149
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Marion, N.Y. (20B)	117	71	188
Paline, Conn. (20B)	82	89	171
Windsor, N.Y. (20B)	82	82	164
Marion, N.Y. (20B)	82	67	149
Sunder, Minn. (20B)	76	72	148

THE ROULETTE

	NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Batting	Robinson, Cin. 294	Skinner, KC 34.7
Home Runs	Robinson, Cin. 37	Colavito, Clew 18
RBI's	Robinson, Cin. 79	Colavito, Clew 54
Pitching	Vainamäenla, Cle. 5.4	Soler, Bos. 6-7



**HE KEPT BASEBALL'S BLACKEST
SECRET FOR 36 YEARS....**

Turn the page for the story he now puts on the record

THIS IS MY STORY OF THE BLACK SOX SERIES

The ringleader of the infamous plot, the first baseman of the team which exploded baseball's dirty business with the game's worst scandal, breaks his silence to speak for the first time

by ARNOLD (CHICK) GANDIL as told to MELVIN DURLAG

The story of the Black Sox scandal and the fixed World Series of 1919 has been told many times in many versions. None ever bore the mark of ultimate truth, for the players involved, after their acquittal for lack of evidence, were free to tell their side of it as they saw fit. Some denied all guilt, some admitted it only partially. One of them never spoke at all: Chick Gandil, the first baseman who has been named as the original corrupter of his fellow players. Gandil left major league baseball after the suspect Series and quit the game for good after the trial in 1921, disappearing into obscurity. The story he tells now can be testified to only by himself. It presents to history a picture of a baseball team, one of the greatest ever known, divided against itself; a group of players of supreme skill but with neither honor nor scruples, trusting not even each other. The Chicago White Sox of 1919 were the climactic product of an era which baseball has, happily, left behind for good and all; an era which—after three and a half decades without a breath of scandal—is so remote that much of what Gandil says may now seem fantastic. Nonetheless, the story he has to tell belongs on the baseball record, and here it is.

ABOUT THIS TIME each year when people start getting excited about the World Series, I find myself wanting to crawl into a cave. I think you'd feel the same if you had the memories I do.

I have played in two World Series, the last time 37 years ago when I was first baseman for the Chicago White Sox. The Sox haven't been in a Series since. We played the Cincinnati Reds and had a hell of a ball club, the best I've ever seen. But people didn't remember us afterward for our playing. They remembered us only as the "Black Sox."

A lot of you young readers have probably heard of the Black Sox scandal from your dads or granddads. It was some mess. Eight of us Sox were accused of throwing the 1919 World Series to Cincy. We were taken into court in Chicago, tried and acquitted. But organized baseball banned us for life.

To this day I feel that we got what we had coming. But there are certain things about the Series that have never been told and which I would like to clear up right now.

I'm an old man by any standards. I'm going to be 69 in January. I have worked the past 35 years as a plumber, mostly in Oakland, California. Now I'm about to retire.

The wife and I plan to take a small place in the country, out in Napa Valley. We've been married 48 years.

A lot of stuff has been written by newspaper and magazine people about the Black Sox scandal, but most of it has been rumor and guesswork because none of us involved ever told our story. Four of the Black Sox were supposed to have made secret confessions with immunity before the Cook County grand jury in 1920, but they all denied the statements later and refused to talk. When we went on trial in 1921, all of us stood on our rights and dummied up.

Why should I wait until now to tell the real story of the Black Sox? One by one the Black Sox players have been taking the secret to their graves. Joe Jackson is gone, so are Fred McMullin and Buck Weaver. I'm sure I could go the rest of my life easily without talking. But after thinking it over—and against the better judgment of my wife—I asked myself, why not? It should be on the record. So here goes.

To start with, I think I should recall to you the main characters involved.

First, there was Charles Comiskey, the White Sox owner. He was a sarcastic, belittling man who was the tightest owner in baseball. If a player objected to his miserly terms, Comiskey told him: "You can take it or leave it." Under baseball's slave laws, what could a fellow do but take it? I recall only one act of generosity on Comiskey's part. After we won the World Series in 1917, he splurged with a case of champagne.

Comiskey's manager was William (Kid) Gleason, who had been our coach in 1918 and became manager in 1919 when Clarence (Pants) Rowland resigned. He was a tough little guy, and he had a hard time trying to keep peace among the malcontents on our club. But most of the players liked him and gave him their best.

The players involved were most of the top guys on the club. There was Joe Jackson, the left fielder; Buck Weaver, third base; Oscar Felsch, the center fielder; Swede Risberg, our shortstop; Eddie Cicotte, our leading pitcher; Fred McMullin, a utility infielder; Claude Williams, who was basically perhaps even a better pitcher than Cicotte; and, finally, myself, the first baseman.

Let me tell you a little more about myself. I was 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighed 195 pounds and had been playing

text continued on page 64

THE CONSPIRATORS AS GANDIL SAW THEM



EDDIE CICOTTE: "Only Walter Johnson was better. He knew all the tricks, dusted batters, threw a black ball, shine and emery balls. Friendly on the field, he was no mingler off."



CLAUDE WILLIAMS: "Basically better than Cicotte, he was games the conventional way, good curve and fast ball, excellent control. He was quiet, intelligent and seldom joked."



SWEDE RISBERG: "An rangy as Marty Marion, Risberg had a wonderful arm at short. Like Weaver, he was a hothead and usually figured in some sort of rhubarb around second base."



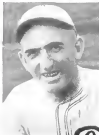
BUCK WEAVER: "At third he was an aggressive, snappy type. A good hister, he always knew the latest jokes, was a master bench jockey and a scrapper, as Billy Martin is today."



FRED McMULLIN: "Handsome and popular, Fred was only a utility infielder, but he had an excellent baseball head. He scouted the Reds before the Series on orders from Gleason."



OSCAR FELSCH: "A tall and lanky player and always in good spirits, he was called 'Happy' by the players. With the great Tris Speaker, he was the best defensive outfielder of the day."



JOE JACKSON: "A natural and one of baseball's greatest hitters; fame never spoiled him. He had no education but a surprisingly good head, all despite reports to the contrary."



CHICK GANDIL: "By the time of the 1919 Series you could say I had been around. Although past my peak, I still hit .299 and had the best first-base fielding record in the league."

CONCESSIONS, DENIALS, OBSCURITY

IN THE FLUSH of sudden infamy, several players loomed as star witnesses. Cicotte, Jackson and Williams ruefully signed confessions (Felsch made one to newspapermen), admitting their part in the plot to throw the Series. But before the confessions were ever presented in court, there was a change in the Illinois state's attorney's offices and shortly thereafter all the papers in the Black Sox case mysteriously disappeared. In the absence of any evidence and despite a previous indictment handed down by a Chicago grand jury, the case was dropped. All four men later repudiated their confessions, Shoeless Joe Jackson maintaining stoutly to his death in 1951 that he was innocent and that he batted .375 in the Series. Perhaps the most tragic figure of all was Buck Weaver, who protested his innocence of any wrongdoing from the very start. Before he died in February of this year, several

attempts were made by admirers to clear his name, but it was generally admitted that if Weaver did not take an active part in the scandal, he had known about it and had done nothing to prevent it. Of the others, McMullin denied complicity in a clubhouse scene before the story broke, but quietly vanished soon after the acquittal. Risberg played more ball in an "outlaw" league in Montana and later tried his hand at softball and as a fruit picker in California. He apparently never told his story.

Thus, just as it had begun, the plot ended in a quagmire of doubt and uncertainty. But there was no such uncertainty in what followed. Baseball moved fast and gave itself the kind of house cleaning that it had long neglected. In the years since, under the tight rule of a commissioner with the powers of a dictator, it has maintained a record that is among the cleanest in athletics.

continued from page 53

baseball for 14 years. I had run away from my home in St. Paul, Minnesota at the age of 17 and hopped a freight bound for Amarillo, Texas to play semipro. Then I caught on with an outlaw team in Cananea, Mexico, just across the Arizona border.

Cananea was a wide-open mining town in those days, which suited me fine. I was a wild, rough kid. I did a little heavyweight fighting at \$150 a fight. I also worked part-time as a boiler-maker in the copper mines.

I slowed down some after my marriage in 1908, but I guess I still remained a pretty toughhouse character. I played minor league ball for a couple of years, then was sold to the White Sox in 1910. I then bounced around to Washington and Cleveland but landed again with the White Sox in 1917. I have often been described as one of the ringleaders of the Black Sox scandal. There's no doubt about it. I was.

For all their skill, the White Sox in 1919 weren't a harmonious club. Baseball players in my day had a lot more cut-throat toughness anyway, and we had our share of personal feuds, but there was a common bond among most of us—our dislike for Comiskey. I would like to blame the trouble we got into on Comiskey's cheapness, but my conscience won't let me. We had no one to blame except ourselves. But, so help me, this fellow was tight. Many times we played in filthy uniforms because he was trying to keep down the cleaning tab.

Most of the griping on the club centered around salaries, which were much lower than any other club in the league. Cicotte, for example, had won 25 games in 1917 and still was making only \$6,000 a year. Jackson, a great hitter, was earning just a little more. I had been making \$4,500 a year for the past three seasons. Only one man on the club was drawing what I'd call a decent salary, Eddie Collins, who had finagled a sharp contract in coming to the Sox from the Philadelphia Athletics. He was making about \$14,000 a year. Naturally, Collins was happier with Comiskey than we were.

So when the opportunity came in 1919 to pick up some easy change on the World Series, Collins, though a key man, wasn't included in our plans. Neither was Catcher Ray Schalk or Outfielder Nemo Leibold.

Where a baseball player would run a mile these days to avoid a gambler, we mixed freely. Players often bet

After the games, they would sit in lobbies and bars with gamblers, gabbing away. Most of the gamblers we knew were honorable Joes who would never think of fixing a game. They were happy just to be booking and betting.

I had always considered "Sport" Sullivan as one of those gamblers until he approached me in Boston in 1919, about a week before the World Series. Sullivan was a tall, strapping

THE OWNER



CHARLES COMISKEY, owner of the White Sox, was close with money (the great Joe Jackson reportedly made under \$10,000 a year). Gandil claims Comiskey's penuriousness made players easy targets for gamblers.

Irishman who looked like a cop more than he did a bookmaker. We had first met while I was playing with Washington in 1912. Our team had a couple of top pitchers, Walter Johnson and Bob Groom. Managers didn't publicly announce their starting pitchers in advance then as they do today. Sullivan, who was betting the games, had a hot idea. He wanted me to tip him off by wire when we were on the road, informing him when Johnson and Groom would start. He suggested a code—"No. 1 goes tomorrow," when Johnson was to pitch; and "No. 2 goes tomorrow," when it was Groom.

It was a tempting proposition, but I was going pretty good at that time and I was afraid to get into a jam. Besides, there had been an incident the year before which made me gun shy. While I was playing for Montreal, some gambler had offered two other players and me \$25 apiece to throw a game to Rochester. We reported the bribe to our club owner who, in turn, reported it to the league president. It created a big commotion.

But aside from these two experiences, I had only social contacts with gamblers until that September day in

1919 when Sullivan walked up to Eddie Cicotte and me as we left our hotel in Boston. As I recall, we were four games in front the final week of the season, and it looked pretty certain that the pennant was ours.

I was kind of surprised when Sullivan suggested that we get a "syndicate" together of seven or eight players to throw the Series to Cincinnati. As I say, I never figured the guy as a fixer but just one who played for the percentages.

The idea of taking seven or eight people in on the plot scared me. I said to Sullivan it wouldn't work. He answered, "Don't be silly. It's been pulled before and it can be again."

He had a persuasive manner which he backed up with a lot of cash. He said he was willing to pay \$10,000 each to all the players we brought in on the deal. Considering our skimpy salaries, \$10,000 was quite a chunk, and he knew it.

Cicotte and I told Sullivan we would think it over. The money looked awfully good. I was 31 then and couldn't last much longer in baseball. Cicotte and I tried to figure out first which players might be interested. And of those who might be, which ones would we care to cut in on this gravy. We finally decided on Jackson, Weaver, Risberg, Felsch, McMullin and Williams—not that we loved them, because there never was much love among the White Sox. Let's just say that we disliked them the least.

We played our game that afternoon and won. That night Cicotte and I called the other six together for a meeting and told them of Sullivan's offer. They were all interested and thought we should reconnoiter to see if the dough would really be put on the line. Weaver suggested we get paid in advance; then if things got too hot, we could double-cross the gambler, keep the cash and also take the big end of the Series cut by beating the Reds. We agreed this was a hell of a brainy plan.

I met Sullivan the next morning and told him I could close the deal only if the players got their money in advance. He explained it would take a little time to raise all that cash so quickly but said that when he got it he would contact me in Chicago. As we parted, he told me that no player was to yab about the fix to other gamblers.

When the White Sox returned to Chicago for their final games of the season, Cicotte brought a friend of his to see me, a former big league pitcher named Bill Burns. Somehow Burns had got wind of our negotiations with

Sullivan; one of our players must have talked. Burns asked that we definitely not accept Sullivan's deal until he could contact a rich gambling friend in Montreal. He said he could top any offer.

Cicotte and I called a meeting of the players that night and told them about Burns. Weaver piped up, "We might as well take his money, too, and go to hell with all of them."

I personally disliked and distrusted Burns and said that we should stick with Sullivan. But I was overruled by the others who voted at least to listen to Burns's proposition when he returned from Montreal.

Later in Chicago I got word from Sullivan that he was bringing a friend from New York to sew up the deal. A meeting was arranged at the old Warner Hotel on the South Side, where many of the players lived. Sullivan introduced his friend as "Mr. Ryan," but, having met this man two years before in New York, I recognized him as Arnold Rothstein, the big shot gambler. His plan was this:

We were to try our best to win the first game behind Cicotte, who was the league's leading pitcher. The White Sox were rated as 3-to-1 favorites in the Series. A win in the first game would boost the price higher. We were then to lose the Series at our convenience. At that time, a World Series was decided by five out of nine games instead of the four-out-of-seven system used today.

Rothstein said nothing until we asked for our \$80,000 in advance. He asked calmly, "What's to assure us you guys will keep the agreement?" We offered him our word. He answered, "It's a weak collateral."

The deal was about to fall apart when Rothstein came up with a compromise. He would give us \$10,000 in advance and pay the remaining \$70,000 in installments over the first four games, each payment amounting to \$17,500.

We asked Sullivan and Rothstein to come back in an hour. I got the gang together and we decided to accept the deal. Rothstein returned and gave us ten \$1,000 bills. When the gamblers left we entrusted the money with Cicotte until it could be changed inconspicuously. He put the bills under his pillow. At Rothstein's insistence, we had given our solemn word that no other gambler would be tipped off, but as soon as he left, we agreed to take any money we could get from Burns, too.

WORRY AND ARGUMENTS

The next day I got a telephone call from Jake Lingle, the Chicago reporter who was later to be murdered by gangsters. Lingle said he heard the Series was fixed. "Where did you hear that crazy story," I said and hung up. I now began to worry. That night Sullivan paid me a visit. He was mad. He said that someone had yapped to Chicago gamblers about the fix. The price on the Sox had suddenly begun to drop. We had a hot argument that came close to turning into a fist fight. We both apologized, and an agreement was made for Sullivan to make the cash payments after each game to a friend of mine.

By the time we arrived in Cincinnati to open the Series the rumors were really flying. Even a clerk in a stationery store, not recognizing me as a ballplayer, told me confidentially, "I

have it firsthand that the Series is in the bag." Waitresses and bellhops were talking the same way. Reporters were buzzing about, asking questions.

We were now convinced that every move on the field would be watched like a hawk and we were beginning to sweat. Burns and a friend, the prizefighter Abe Attell, came to see Cicotte and me at the hotel. They asked that we arrange a meeting with the gang—which we did grudgingly. Attell took the floor and produced a telegram which read, "Will take you in on any deal you make. Will guarantee all expenses." It was signed, "A. R."

Attell identified A. R. as Arnold Rothstein. The players exchanged looks. Obviously the telegram was faked, and Attell and Burns knew nothing of Rothstein's private deal with us. We walked out of the room.

This was the last of our group meetings with any gamblers. But now our troubles were just beginning. That night, the eve of the Series, several players got threatening phone calls. I must have had five during the early part of the evening. Many of them—maybe all of them—came from cranks, but they still left me creepy. Cicotte was so upset that he left the hotel about midnight and took a long walk. I don't think he slept an hour all night.

I had just fallen asleep when Sullivan knocked at my door and awakened me. He said excitedly that a couple of the players had told him the deal was off. I said to him, "Well, maybe it is." He replied, "I wouldn't call it the best policy to double-cross Rothstein."

Deep down, I knew he was right. In my nervous state I got mad at Sullivan and told him to get out. I sat on the edge of the bed, trying to think. I truthfully wanted to go to our manager, Kid Gleason, and tell him the whole story, but I knew it wouldn't be that simple. I realized that things were too involved by now to try to explain.

I guess some of the others must have felt the same way, because the next morning I was called to a meeting of the eight players. Everyone was upset and there was a lot of disagreement. But it was finally decided that there was too much suspicion now to throw the games without getting caught. We weighed the risk of public disgrace and going to jail against taking our chances with the gamblers by crossing them up and keeping the \$10,000. We were never remorseful enough to want to return the ten grand to Rothstein. We gambled that he wouldn't dare do anything to us since he was in no

continued on next page



ABE ATTELL, ex-featherweight champion, was alleged to have had everything from a major to a minor role in fix. Most reports agreed on one detail: he was one gambler who made a financial killing on Series.



ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN, smooth-operating gambler, said to be the "big man" behind plot, supposedly supplied the fix money, may have engineered the strange disappearance of records which killed case.

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BLACKEST SECRET

continued from page 65

position himself to make a pass over the cash. Our only course was to try to win, and we were certain that we could.

But when we trotted out on the field that day for the opener, we were still a tense bunch of ballplayers. And, as if things weren't bad enough, some joker in the stands yelled to Cicotte, "Be careful, Eddie. There's a guy looking for you with a rifle."

Cicotte wasn't worth a wooden nickel in that opening game. He was knocked out of the box in the fourth inning when Cincy scored five runs. The Reds were unstoppable that day. Even their pitcher, Dutch Ruether, got two triples and a single, driving in three runs. When Cicotte was lifted in the fourth with the Reds leading 5-1, Gleason sent in Roy Wilkinson. The Cincy batters slugged him, too, just as they did our next pitcher, Grover Lowdermilk. Cincinnati got 14 hits that day and beat us 9-1.

RUMORS AND PHONE CALLS

Rumors of a fix began to circulate right away, and, though I didn't see Comiskey, I heard he was running around like a wild man, trying to track down information. What the wisecracks didn't know was that our original agreement with Rothstein was to try to win the first game.

That night I got more threatening phone calls. I'll never know whether they came from screwballs or from gamblers. I half expected a visit from Sullivan or one of his men, but I imagine things were hot for them, too. By this time I'm sure they knew the deal was off, especially since our collection man didn't show up after the game to try to get the first installment of the \$70,000.

The White Sox made 10 hits in the second game against fear for Cincinnati, yet we were beaten 4-2 when we should have won easily. In the fourth inning, with no score, we had runners on second and third with one down, but I grounded into an out at the plate and Risberg popped up to kill our chances.

In the last of the fourth our pitcher, Williams, hit a wild streak, gave up three walks and a triple to give the Reds a 3-0 lead. They stretched it to 4-0 in the sixth, but we made two in the seventh when Risberg and Schalk scored on a wild throw by Greasy Neale, the Cincinnati right fielder who later became a pro football coach.

After the game the cypies made quite

a thing of the six walks issued by Williams, and there were rumors that he wasn't following his catcher's signals. But nothing was said about Neale's wild throw, or some dumb base running by Edd Roush, the Cincy center fielder, who was caught in a trap and tagged out after trying to go to second.

When the doubt is planted, it is easy to mistake plain and simple boners in a ball game for acts of crookedness.

The pressure eased when we came back to Comiskey Park for the third game and Dickie Kerr threw a shutout for a 3-0 win. I batted in our first two runs in the second inning with a long single to center. We made our third run on a triple by Risberg, who then scored on an slick bunt by Schalk.

That night I was paid an unexpected visit by Burns, who was in a panic. He and some other gamblers, going on the assumption the Series was fixed, had bet heavily on the Reds. Now they had their doubts. Burns said that if I could assure him that the players would go along with the fix, he would guarantee me \$20,000. Since I personally didn't feel that Burns could guarantee me 20 cents, and since I was troubled with enough outside pressure as it was, I told him I wasn't interested. Meanwhile, the threatening calls got so heavy that I had to quit answering the telephone.

Cicotte went to the mound in the fourth game and allowed only five hits, but we got only three and were beaten 2-0. Both of the Cincy runs were scored in the fifth inning, partly due to two errors by Cicotte. One was probably my fault. Eddie felded an easy roller and threw wide to first, permitting the runner to move to second. When the next batter singled to left center, and Jackson threw to the plate to try to cut off a run, I yelled to Cicotte to intercept the throw. I felt we had no chance to get the man at home but could nail the batter now trying to reach second. Cicotte juggled the ball and all hands were safe. The next man then doubled, and Cincy had both its runs.

Well, you can imagine all the gossiping that took place that night. Everyone talked of Cicotte's two errors, but no one even mentioned that he had allowed only five hits. After listening to all the talk in the hotel lobby, Gleason called a meeting of the players. He asked if there were any truth to the rumors he had been hearing. We who were involved with gamblers got all huffy about this; the players who were not kept quiet. Gleason was happy to let the matter drop, but Comiskey was

now convinced that we were out to throw the Series. He suspected the whole club.

With the Reds now leading three games to one, we came back with Williams in the fifth game against Hod Eller, who was one of those fellows who could be either real bad or real good. This day he was good. He had a mean shine ball that had us missing all over the place. He struck out the side in two straight innings—and half of those he fanned were never in on our plot.

Williams allowed Cincy only four hits that day, three coming in the sixth inning in which the Reds scored four runs. But before Eller was through with his shine ball, he struck out 9 batters and shut us out 5-0.

Felsch got the blame for that loss. He had thrown wild after fielding a Texas leaguer in the sixth inning and later chased a long fly to the fence which he couldn't get and it went for a triple. When Collins booted one later, permitting the fifth run to score, the experts must have thought that he was in on the fix, too.

We went back to Cincinnati for the sixth game which we won 5-4 behind Kerr, after we had overcome a 4-0 Cincy lead. This was the only game to go into extra innings. In the 10th, Weaver doubled and I drove him home with a single for the winning run.

WE HIT OUR STRIDE

Though Cincy now led the Series 4-2, we honestly felt we had hit our stride and would have no trouble taking the next three games. We were even more confident the next day when Cletto won his third start easily, 4-1. We breezed in this game, led all the way and only Collins committed an error.

Things had quieted down by the time we got back to Chicago for the eighth game. The Series now stood at 4-3 in favor of the Reds and a lot of the skeptics decided that maybe the Sox meant business after all. It was Gleason's feeling that if Williams could finally win in the eighth game, then he would start Kerr in the ninth and have Cletto ready for relief at the first sign of trouble.

But Williams lasted less than an inning. Cincy drove him out with four runs, and that was the game and Series. We lost 10-5 as Eller pitched his second win for Cincinnati.

If there is any doubt about our trying to win the Series, let's look at the record. Jackson was the leading hitter with .375. He didn't commit an error.

continued on next page

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BLACKEST SECRET

continued from page 87

Weaver was our second man with .324. He didn't boot any, either. Total hits favored Cincy only 64 to 59, and each side committed 12 errors. Though I hit only .233, it was still seven points better than our star Eddie Collins, and two of my hits knocked in winning runs.

Our losing to Cincinnati was an upset all right, but no more than Cleveland's losing to the New York Giants by four straight in 1954. Mind you, I offer no defense for the thing we conspired to do. It was inexorable. But I maintain that our actual losing of the Series was pure baseball fortune.

The loser's share amounted to \$3,254 apiece, which Comiskey held up while he conducted a private investigation. I never did get any part of Rothstein's \$10,000 and I don't know who did. Since Rothstein probably won his bets anyway, he never gave us any trouble. Naturally, I would have liked to have had my share of that ten grand, but with all the excitement at the Series' end and with Comiskey's investigation, I was frankly frightened stiff. Besides, I had the crazy notion that my not touching any of that money would exonerate me from my guilt in the conspiracy. I give you my solemn word I don't know to this day what happened to the cash.

During the next two months, after returning to my winter home in Los Angeles, I heard some wild reports about the killing I made on the World Series. One account said I was flashing around a bankbook with a \$25,000 entry. Another said I had been paid off in diamonds. And still another had me plunking down cash for a house. The truth was, I did buy a house—with \$2,500 I had borrowed from the bank for down payment. The loan was repaid when I finally got my World Series check from the White Sox.

By the time the 1920 season came around, I was kind of sour on baseball, Comiskey and everything else. I didn't care whether I went back to the Sox or not. I asked for a \$2,600 raise, which Comiskey naturally refused. I became the only one of the eight conspirators not to report that year. Instead, I played semipro ball twice a week for the Elks Club in Bakersfield, Calif. I earned \$75 a game.

News about the 1919 World Series was disappearing from the newspapers—which was fine with me. And then came the explosion. It happened in September of 1920 while the Sox were

fighting for the league lead. I recall the headline I read clearly: WHITE SOX CONFESS SERIES FIX.

Cleotie, for reasons unknown, appeared to have told the story of our plot to Comiskey, who ordered him to confess (with immunity) before the Cook County grand jury. There were reports that Williams, Jackson and Felsch squealed, too. Meanwhile Comiskey banned from the team the seven players connected with the conspiracy. It was just before the end of the pennant race, and the Sox lost out to Cleveland.

No one really knows for sure what the players confessed privately to the grand jury, and we'll never find out because the confessions later turned up missing (in my opinion, this was Rothstein's work), and everyone repudiated the things that were supposed to have been confessed.

The grand jury brought an indictment against the eight of us in September 1920, but the case didn't come to trial until July 1921. I was picked up by police in Los Angeles and spent a night in jail before being extradited to Chicago.

The trial dragged out for 15 days. Upon advice of our attorneys none of us testified, and without our testimony the state had no case. When the jury finally found us not guilty there was loud cheering in the court room, and the jurors even carried a few of us out on their shoulders. What a scene.

SUSPENDED FOR LIFE

But our ban from baseball stuck, and when Judge Landis took office as commissioner a short time later, one of his first acts was to extend the suspensions for life.

Inasmuch as we were legally freed, I feel Landis' ruling was unjust, but I truthfully never resented it because, even though the Series wasn't thrown, we were guilty of a serious offense, and we knew it.

Aside from embarrassment and personal qualms I have never suffered any hardship because of the Black Sox incident. The doors to jobs have never been closed to me. We have lived quietly away from the news, and I have attended only half a dozen ball games—all minor league—during the past 37 years.

For a good many years, I held a deep resentment against Cleotie for his initial confession. I felt I would never forgive the guy, but I think I have by now. Still, I don't believe we would have ever been caught if he hadn't gabbed.

TWO SOX CONFESS—EIGHT IN THE NORTH AMER FIRST EVIDENCE GAMBLERS PROMISED WHITE SOX \$ OF MONEY PAID "BUNK." ATTEL TO SOX BAR. SAYS: "I'LL BLOW LID SKY HIGH!" Mysterious Package from McMullin Trained. He Blames Rothstein for Steps Be Taken FACTORS PHILADELPHIA G/ WITH CHIC WRESTING TEL SOX SUSPECTED BY COMISKEY DURING SERIES Sought Inquiry Aft- er First Defeat. BY JAMES CRUINBERRY.

A NEWSMAN'S BIGGEST STORY

James Cruinberry, a Chicago sports-writer, was the first reporter to break the details of the Black Sox scandal. Here he let's know the conspiracy came to light.

IT WAS the afternoon before the opening of the 1919 World Series that I strolled into the lobby of the Sinton Hotel in Cincinnati to discover a man standing on a chair—his hands filled with paper money—calling for wagers on the ball games.

The man was Abe Attel, former featherweight boxing champion of the world.

I walked up close to him. He was waving big money. There were \$1,000 bills between the fingers of both hands and he was yelling in a loud voice that he would cover any amount of Chicago money.

I was amazed. I never had seen anything like that before in any World Series, nor have I seen anything like it since. The man was eager to wager thousands of dollars on the underdog. I couldn't understand it. I felt that something was wrong, almost unbelievably wrong.

After the second game I ran into Sammy Pass, a young Chicago businessman who was a great White Sox fan. He told me he had bet \$3,500 on the Sox and that he was as perplexed as I was. Following the first loss, he took several players back to the hotel. Lefty Williams was one of them.

"Do you know what he said to me when I told him I had bet?" Pass asked.

"He said, 'Sammy, I don't think you should risk your money on us'. 'What do you mean, Lefty?' I asked. 'Isn't your arm all right?' 'Oh, my arm's all right,' he answered, 'but you know anything can happen in baseball.'"

I told Sammy to keep his eyes and ears open. Before the Series was over Sammy told me he had learned that Eddie Cicotte's landlady in Chicago had overheard a remark he made to his brother to the effect that he "didn't care what happened. I got mine."

The web began to tighten after the third game. I was just finishing work when I got a call from Kid Gleason, the White Sox manager. He asked me to come over to his hotel. When I arrived he led me into a bedroom and shut the door.

"Jim," he said, "there's something I've got to tell you."

"Kid, you don't have to tell me," I answered. "I know what it is. There's something wrong with the Series."

"You're-----right," was his reply.

Then Gleason proceeded to tell me of receiving numerous telegrams from friends, from New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans, Havana and other places—some of them wires from well-known gamblers whom he didn't even know personally—but all of them informing him that some of his players had taken money to throw the ball game. In many cases the names of guilty players were given. All of this information Gleason had given to Charles A. Comiskey, the White Sox owner.

I asked if he had thought of benching those suspected players.

"I've thought of it," he replied. "But how can I do that without any actual proof? What would the public think if I benched all those stars?"

Gleason seemed convinced the only thing to do was to go on with the Series as if nothing were wrong and hope that things would change.

I returned to the Chicago Tribune, realizing I had a whale of a story. I reported what I had learned to the late Harvey Woodruff, then sports editor. He didn't believe there was any truth to it, but he told me that if I felt strongly enough I could go ahead and carry on an investigation.

Immediately after the Series, Owner Charles Comiskey and Gleason started an investigation, but it brought out no definite facts. It was then I learned from Comiskey of the failure of his effort to induce Ban Johnson, president of the American League, to start an investigation after the third game. Long a bitter Comiskey foe, Johnson replied simply to Comiskey's apprehensions, "It's the yelp of a whipped cur."

During the winter there were constant rumors of the games having been fixed. The next spring Chick Gandil failed to report for spring training or for the playing season and that added to the suspicions. The guessing among the honest players on the club was that Gandil had been given the money by the gamblers to distribute to the fixed

continued on next page

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A NEWSMAN'S VIEW

continued from page 69

players and then had gone home, for-
getting to square up [not so, says Gan-
dil—Ed.]. He didn't dare come back.

When I joined the White Sox in
spring training, I noticed at once that
the other seven suspected players
formed a separate faction on the club.
On the road these seven were always by
themselves in the hotel dining rooms
and lobbies and on the trains. But on
the ball field things went on as usual,
and all through the season the Sox
were in the thick of the pennant fight.

In late July came the first real break;
the break that in late September
proved to be the bomb that blew the
case wide open. It was a rainy day in
New York and the Sox-Yankees game
was postponed. In late afternoon I was
in my room with Ring Lardner when I
received a phone call from Gleason.

INVITATION TO EAVESDROP

"Come up to Dinty Moore's," he
said. "I'm at the bar with Abe Attell.
He's talking, and I want you to hear
it." He said he wouldn't let on that he
knew us and was sure Attell wouldn't
know either one of us.

In a few minutes Ring and I walked
into the bar, stood close to Gleason and
Attell, ordered something to drink and
then just listened.

"So it was Arnold Rothstein who
put up the dough for the fix," we heard
Gleason say.

"That was it, Kid," from Attell.
"You know, Kid, I hated to do that
to you, but I thought I was going to
make a lot of money and I needed it,
and then the big guy double-crossed
me, and I never got but a small part of
what he promised."

During the rest of the season, the
seven suspected players acted as if
they knew I was investigating them.
One night in Philadelphia I came into
the hotel lobby. Only Swede Risberg
was there. As I went to the desk to get
my key, he approached with a sneer on
his face.

"How does it feel to be a star re-
porter," he asked me.

"Just about the same as being a star
shortstop," I answered as I made a
beeline for the elevator.

"Well, I guess that stops me," was
Swede's seemingly perplexed reply,
and the incident ended.

Then in the middle of September
everything came to a head and, sur-
prisingly, as the result of an apparent
effort by gamblers to fix a National
League game, one between the Cubs

and Phillies. William L. Veeck Sr., president of the Cubs, had been tipped off that his pitcher, Claude Hendrix, had been bought off by gamblers.

Maybe there was no truth in the report, but Ben Johnson seized upon the chance to fluster the National League by asking a grand jury to investigate the matter, which it did.

I saw this immediately as a chance to get them to investigate the rumors about the 1919 Series. I got a prominent White Sox fan, Fred M. Loomis, to sign an open letter to the *Chicago Tribune* asking that the grand jury investigate the 1919 Series too. The *Tribune* displayed the letter on the front page of the sport section. I never have admitted before this that I wrote it.

The grand jury acted immediately on the suggestion. I testified for more than an hour. I told the jury of the incident with Attell and Gleason, and named Arnold Rothstein as the big gambler behind it. I told them that I had heard that Hal Chase, the ex-ballplayer who had been dropped from several clubs for his nefarious activities, conceived the plot to throw the Series and had conferred with Gandil as to which players they would dare approach. They in turn had got Rothstein to agree to finance the plan which could be swung for \$100,000. [This is at variance with Gandil's version.—Ed.]

The morning of September 28, Manager Gleason went to Comiskey and asked: "Boss, do you want the truth? I think I can get it for you now. Cicotte is about to break down."

Comiskey told Gleason to bring Cicotte to his attorney's office. Cicotte was compelled to sweat in the ante-room for an hour. Then he was taken before Comiskey and the attorney and at once broke into tears and confessed. "Don't tell me," said Comiskey. "Go tell it to the grand jury."

So Cicotte was taken before the grand jury where he confessed that he had received \$10,000 as his part in throwing the games.

Immediately Joe Jackson rushed to the grand jury room and confessed that he had taken \$5,000 to throw the games, saying he had been promised \$20,000 but never got the rest of it. [Gandil mentions only \$10,000.—Ed.]

The crooked World Series of 1919 had been exposed. I was told later by Assistant State's Attorney Hartley Replege, the man in charge of the investigation, that if I hadn't been a witness the whole case would have been whitewashed. But I can't say I was happy writing it.

—JAMES CRUSINBERRY



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ALL of the symbols of their native Scandinavia—snowflakes and stylized stars, Norwegian runic letters and northern lights—have been knit into the most colorful sweaters to sweep America in many a long winter's moon. Denmark's leading producer of hand-knits, Paul Mage of Copenhagen, has 1,600 women in cottages scattered around the land busily knitting his designs, such as the one in Copenhagen blue worn by youthful Sys Brammer at right. It takes one of Mage's knitters up to three weeks to make a sweater, and he is having a hard time keeping up with

his American orders. Other designs come from the Faroe Islands, where fiberwives knit two-toned sweaters into geometric patterns; and from Sweden, where the Bohos knitters take their subtle colors from the mountains. And everywhere the story is the same: the demand has never been greater. Now inspiration has leaped across the seas; American knitters, quick to see the design ideas coming from the north of Europe, have created their own galaxy of stars. They, and their Scandinavian inspirations, are photographed in Copenhagen's Frielandsmuseet, its open air museum.



THE KVik ROWING TEAM, champions of Denmark, line up dockside at their rowing club in a bright collection of American-made sweaters inspired by the hand-knits of their native land. The stars, the stripes and the heavy knits are a far cry from

last year's popular monotone Shetlands. The sweater manufacturers and prices, from left to right, are: Kandahar, \$7.95; Himalaya, \$14; Puritan, \$12.95; McGregor, \$10; Himalaya, \$12.95; Puritan, \$10; Himalaya, \$20; Puritan, \$10; Van Heusen, \$12.95.

Sys Brammer wears a Paul Mage hand-knit: Saks Fifth Ave., New York, \$35





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PEWTER-BUTTONED CARDIGAN (left, Catalina, \$16.95) is worn by Reine Fjoe of Copenhagen. Max Brammer's gaily patterned sweater (Purlin, \$12.95) was designed in Norway.



HAND-KNIT CARDIGAN (left, Paul Mage, \$40) is new variation of most popular Danish sweater pattern. Norwegian pullover (right) worn by Mike Sporon will be copied by McGregor in fall.





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THE READERS TAKE OVER

EVERY BRUNDAGE ON THE SPOT

Sirs:

I think it's high time somebody realized what Avery Brundage (*Olympics Put Avery Brundage on the Spot*, Aug. 27) is standing for and talking about and came out on his side. When you get right down to it, all he is demanding is that amateurs be amateurs.

Get over onto some sport in which professionals are not yet taken as a matter of course—fishing, for instance. And then you will realize that the moment a man begins to have a pecuniary interest in it, he has lost everything but the money.

A. W. MILLER

New York

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the interview with Avery Brundage, and I'm so mad I can hardly contain myself long enough to write this.

Pray tell me, how many Olympic sports are there on which one could capitalize professionally? I wasn't aware that professional shotputters, pole vaulters, dash men, et al. were very much in professional demand these days. Nor was I aware that major league ball clubs paid salaries for Olympic gold medals; I thought they were looking for baseball players who could hit, field, throw, etc. How much do prize fighters get for Olympic medals? I thought their earnings depended on their success against other professionals.

And heaven knows we should protect ourselves from the former Olympic champion turned coach. It's a cinch that the next generation of amateur athletes need any help from coaches to develop their full potentials.

The thing that really rankles is that all this is due supposedly to the fact that "there still remain a few amateur standards." Remain since when, since their publication a few months ago? Apparently the time-honored standard, that an amateur is one who has never participated in a sport

for profit, is not good enough for Mr. Brundage.

Please, please, won't somebody save sport from this man and his fantastic mental gyrations?

WILLIAM R. THOMAS III

Silver Spring, Md.

Sirs:

Mr. Brundage might well consider the fact that nearly all the coaches of track and field, in colleges and out, are professionals. Before their coaching days many were Olympic aspirants and some were Olympic teams.

There is no more dedicated group than the self-sacrificing men and women who work in this field. What a sad state our Olympic hopes would be in without the counsel and help of these former amateurs.

Would Mr. Brundage have it otherwise?

W. F. DRAN

Lubbock, Texas

Sirs:

Bill Smith, an athletic coach at a local high school, has been declared ineligible for the Olympics this year. He was the only American to win a gold medal in wrestling four years ago in Helsinki. Since that time he has engaged not as a professional but rather as a teacher. With great effort he has succeeded in getting back into shape to again qualify. He has used his own money to make this effort. He might even sign Brundage's purity oath. Had he wished to capitalize on his wrestling ability he certainly would not have gone into high school teaching when he could more than hold his own in the harrowing exhibitions of wrestling being staged on TV for considerable loot these days. He would have entered their ranks upon his return from the Games four years ago.

We have our Brundages, Jack Kellys, Frank Stranahan who have the means to support themselves clearly from their families' incomes, and they are all champions

MR. CAPER



in their own right. More power to all of them. But I say, without any class malice, that it is certainly creditable when a fellow can by his own will not only be an equal champion but find time to support himself and a family at the same time. Because he was not able to pay school expenses from his own pocket, Smith has been declared ineligible. I can't see how Brundage can live with himself and make such a decision and at the same time approve the practices of our Army and Navy of shifting men so they can train for the Games while still being given their pay. I don't think this practice is wrong either—but neither do I feel they are compatible.

JOHN A. SANDBERG

Maline, Ill.

Sirs:

Amateurism in sports is antiquated, unrealistic in today's world, and based on snobbery. Dividing athletes into classes on the basis of earnings from participation doesn't make any more sense than trying to do the same thing to doctors, lawyers, engineers or any other group. By far the greatest number of spectators at athletic contests want to see the best competitors possible for their entrance fee and have no interest in the income or other financial status of the participants. No doubt Mr. Brundage derives some sort of sadistic satisfaction from forcing fine young athletes to become liars, cheats and hypocrites by signing his meaningless and asinine oath.

J. P. FLINT

Fullerton, Calif.

Sirs:

In my opinion Mr. Brundage is off the beam in his argument that sports fans will discontinue their contributions to the Olympic Games if amateur athletes are not made to sign the silly oath of nonintention to become professionals. Mr. Brundage may deserve great praise for his life-long work in the field of sports but he too is only human. Like a prominent physician, he too can make a fatal error.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has put Mr. Brundage on the spot. This may be the best thing that has ever happened in sports.

NORMAN BUCK

Seattle

continued on next page

by AJAY



STAND ALL DAY IN THE DUCK BLIND—THESE JACKETS WITH QUILTICEL WILL STAND UP TO ANYTHING

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When sportswomen such as Bobby Jones
Were not negotiating loans,

When Bruins were considered bears,
Not enterprising *hommes d'affaires*;

When Huskies merely romped for joy,
Before they ruled this Hei-en Troy;

When tennis wasn't just a racket,
To elevate one's income bracket;

When amateurish high women's grafting,
Before the age of high school drafting,

Those days when young and old savored,
Without requests to be supported,

Alas! the world of sport has drifted,
In short the gifted must be gifted.

The amateur world's a narrowing ethos,
Commercialized to the point of Christmas.

So take me back to the days of Rice,
When sports had value beyond a price

BUZZ RAINIER
Football and track coach
Carmel High School

Carmel, Calif.

OLYMPIC MILERS

Sirs:

As a former Olympian representing the U.S. on the track in several European countries, I have some observations possibly worthy of consideration in answer to the question *Where Are America's Milers?* (SI, Aug. 27).

In Europe, colleges provide little or no track athletics, but track and field clubs for men and women of all walks of life provide any interested athlete the opportunity to race 20 to 40 times a season. Such clubs are far more numerous in Europe than are sandlot baseball teams in the U.S. Thus in Europe apparently a fairly high percentage of the track potential in the entire population is utilized. In the U.S., where track and field is confined almost entirely to high schools and colleges, and where little opportunity exists for the noncollege track athlete to compete, it seems only a small percentage of our nation's track potential is utilized.

Why do not our track athletes continue competition after college? Though many are willing, very few have the opportunity to do so with the degree of competition necessary to stimulate interest and develop world class distance running ability. Some few clubs such as the New York A.C., N.Y. Pioneer Club, Los Angeles Striders, Chicago T. & F. Club, etc., have done excellent work in providing developmental competition for the noncollege athlete, although even these clubs are frequently composed of college athletes on vacation. Less than a dozen American clubs engage in regularly scheduled dual meets, and perhaps none schedule as many as 20 meets per season. With few clubs to join, and few if any races to run, how can an American distance runner continue competition to an age of athletic maturity and achieve record breaking performances on the track?

Most of the top distance runners in the world are noncollege athletes (Bannister and Landy are exceptions) who train three to five hours daily. Few Americans have the opportunity to spend so much time on amateur athletics.

In other words, when we give the American working man a chance to run track, we will have the answer to *Where Are America's Milers?*

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TWO PATS FOR BILL TALBERT

William F. Talbert, shown here with Hamilton Richardson (right), has long observed how effective the behavior and appearance of our traveling athletes can be in winning overseas friends for this country. As a dedicated tennis man, Bill's pet peeve has been the fact that our racket squads—unlike our Olympic athletes—have never been uniformly dressed, and he has done something about it. Working with Milliken Woolens and other suppliers, he has designed neat, lightweight clothes, practically all of

wash-and-wear fabrics for easy care on long trips. Above, Talbert wears eight-ounce Attaché-cloth blazer, Rugby-cloth slacks and International Club tie; Richardson the new cardigan (instead of traditional pullover), shorts of Attaché cloth and Lacoste shirt. Busy Bill, a four-time winner (with Gardner Mulley) of the U.S. doubles title, has also just collaborated on a book, *The Game of Doubles in Tennis* (Henry Holt). It features 112 full-page diagrams of court strategy plus text by Bruce S. Old and Bill.

THE BELLWETHERS

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